The Outlook

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CONTENTS

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The New Congress 795
The President's Message 795
The Situation in Mexico 796
The New Italian Cabinet 796
The Pope and Italy's Jubilee 797
Mr. Harrison Elected Mayor of Chicago 798
Cleveland's New Federal Building 798
A Mining Workmen's Compensation Act 799
Fire 800
Union in Art in New York City 800
Municipal Art 801
Europe's Admiration of American Munificence 801
The Comic Supplement 802
An Attack on the Birds 802
A Prize for Good Fiction 803
The Grenfell Programme for 1911 803
Dr. Aked 804
Immigrant Selection Illustrated 804
"As He Said" 806
Applied Ethics in Journalism 807
By Theodore Roosevelt
The Judge and the People 809
Dealing in Scandal 811
Impressions of a Careless Traveler: Bermuda 812
By Lyman Abbott
The Prayer for Peace (Poem) 816
By Alfred Noyes
The Factory Girl's Danger 817
By Miriam Finn Scott
The Cry of the Woman (Poem) 821
By Marion C. Smith
An Easter Blessing 822
By Harriet Prescott Spofford
As It Seemed (Poem) 826
By Georgia Davies
Cross-Lights and Counter-Claims 827
By Washington Gladden
The Breaking Up of the Russian Communes 832
By George Kennan
Reviewers Reviewed 836
The New Books 838

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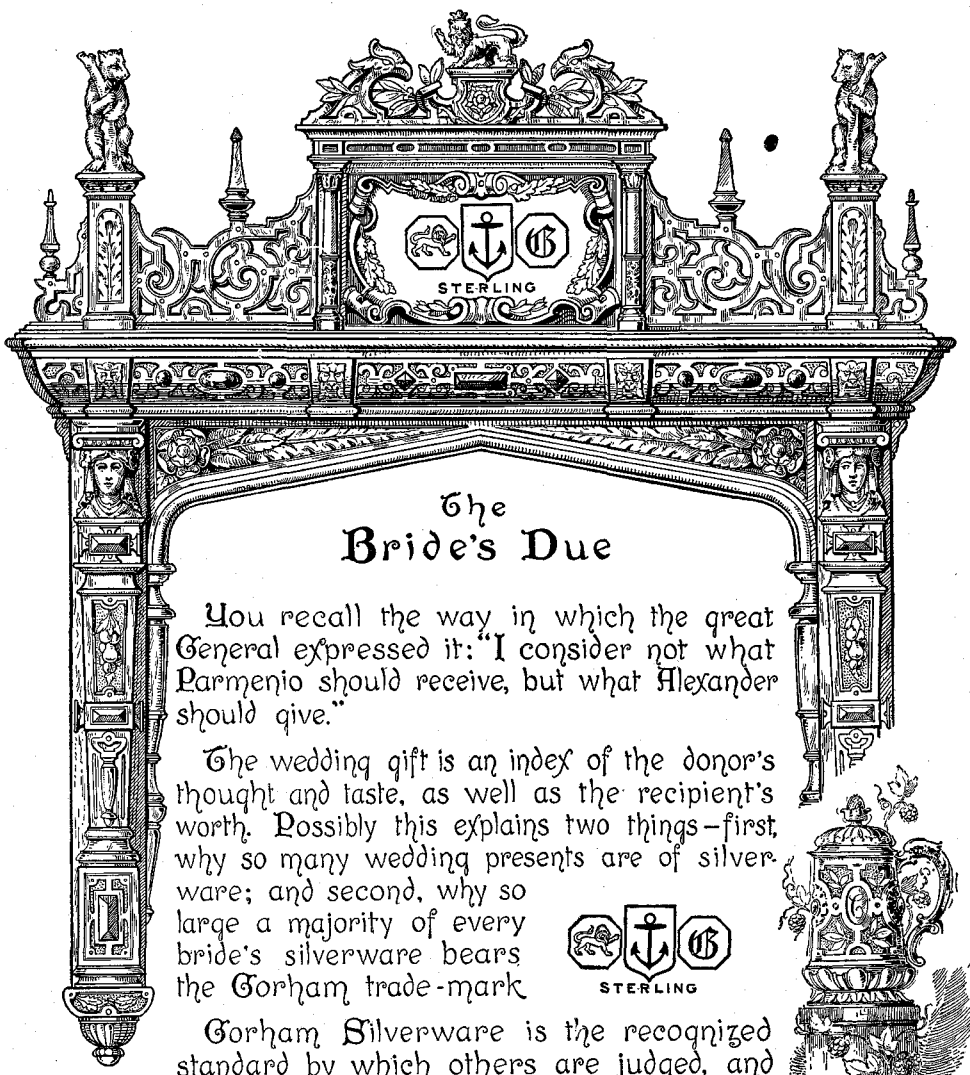

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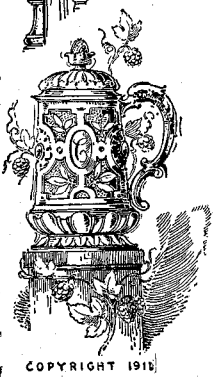

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The Outlook

APRIL 15, 1911

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THE NEW CONGRESS

The coming together of the Sixty-second Congress on Monday of last week had more than one feature of singular interest; it was not only the first time that a Democratic House of Representatives had assembled for sixteen years, but it was the only time that a Democratic House has been called in extra session by a Republican President to act on an Administration measure which a Republican Senate had refused to consider. And, to add to the singularity of the situation, the new Speaker, Mr. Champ Clark, actually forgot, in his opening address, even to mention the subject of Canadian reciprocity, but for which Congress would not now be in session. The presence of Mr. Bryan and Governor Harmon on the floor was the occasion of great enthusiasm among the Democratic ranks, and was considered to presage party harmony and united action. That Mr. Cannon, for so many years Speaker, now sat with the minority party on the floor was another incident seized upon by the press correspondents for comment and as a striking incident of changed conditions. Not Mr. Cannon but Mr. Mann will be the leader of the minority. The new leader is regarded as an exceedingly clever parliamentarian, a close guardian of public interests in many ways, but far removed from sympathy with the ideas of advanced Republicanism. In the Senate a small Republican majority—eight only—still exists, but in some matters, and particularly in regard to Canadian reciprocity, the wishes of the Administration will doubtless receive Democratic support. Mr. Clark, in his speech on assuming the Speaker's chair, declared of his party: "We are this day put upon trial, and the duty devolves upon us to demonstrate, not so much by fine phrases as by good works, that we are worthy of the confidence imposed in us by the voters of the land, and that we are worthy of their wider confidence." He outlined under six heads the promises that the party should fulfill: intelligent tariff revision downward; action looking to a Constitutional amendment for the election of United States Senators by popular vote; wise changes in the rules of the House; economy in public expenses; the publication of political campaign contributions before elections; and the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as States. The first thing to be taken up was, of course, the rules, and here the Democrats carried out their own wishes quickly and with very little regard to the suggestions of their opponents. Most of the new rules do not differ materially from those of the Sixty-first Congress. Six committees have been abolished. The rules provide for the election of committees instead of their appointment by the Speaker. An important new rule permits germane legislation on an appropriation bill when it tends to retrench expenditures. "Calendar Wednesday" is continued, and the rule for the discharge of committees is broadened in scope.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

President's Taft's Message to Congress is a dignified and clearly expressed public paper, and will meet with general approval. Mr. Taft refers to his Message of last January regarding Canadian Reciprocity and the failure of Congress to comply with his urgent request for action, describes the negotiations with Canada, necessarily secret while they were incomplete, and declares: "I am constrained, in deference to popular sentiment and with a realizing sense of my duty to

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the great masses of our people whose welfare is involved, to urge upon your consideration early action on this agreement." He expresses his belief that when this agreement, which is purely commercial and economic, became known to the people at large, "it was immediately apparent that the ripened fruits of the careful labors of the commissioners met with widespread approval." He adds: "This approval has been strengthened by further consideration of the terms of the agreement in all their particulars. The volume of support which has developed shows that its broadly National scope is fully appreciated, and is responsive to the popular will." Whatever view may be taken of the desirability of passing the Canadian Reciprocity legislation (and The Outlook, as its readers know, heartily indorses the measure), it is indisputable that the Administration has every right to demand of Congress immediate consideration and prompt action. That, at all events, this special session must grant; what else it ought to undertake is a fair question for consideration.

THE SITUATION IN MEXICO

The repeated rumors of negotiations for peace between the insurrectionist leaders and the Government in Mexico continue, but at the end of last week the prospect of an agreement was reported to be not improving. In a despatch from Mexico City Señor de la Barra is reported as expressing the belief that the Maderists would accept the reform programme of the Government and lay down their arms. This is not inconsistent, however, with the position assumed by President Diaz throughout, that he would not deal with the insurgents at all until peace should have been restored, for the actual advances made by President Diaz have not, so far as we can judge, been directed to the insurgent leaders, but to the country at large. Certainly the Message from President Diaz to the Mexican Congress issued on April 1 is a document of much promise, and marks a critical turn in the attitude of Mexico toward liberal ideas. President Diaz had already reconstructed his Cabinet, and the fact that Señor de la Barra, who has served acceptably as the Mexican Minister at Washington, has been made Minister of Foreign Affairs, and that Señor Limantour, one of the wisest and ablest political leaders in Mexico, has been made Minister of Finance, opens a new and promising outlook for the immediate political future. If the rumor that General Reyes, who is now abroad, will be brought back to take a Cabinet position is confirmed, the strength of the Administration with the people at large will be augmented. In his Message President Diaz favored a law to forbid re-election to the offices of President and of the State Governors, to change election laws so as to make the exercise of the franchise free and effective, and to reform the Federal judiciary. More important still was his acceptance of the popular desire that it should be made possible for landowners to hold and cultivate small parcels of land and thus mitigate the unfair predominance of the immense rural estates which now exists. Altogether, the Message showed a disposition to enlarge civil liberty in Mexico and to make commercial and political conditions what they should be. On our side of the border some comment has been caused by the order from the War Department to General Carter detaching the Ninth Cavalry, a Negro regiment, from his command. This was said to be due to fear of trouble with the citizens of San Antonio on account of the alleged refusal of the Negro troopers to comply with the municipal law about riding in "Jim Crow" cars. On the other hand, their Colonel declared that not a single complaint of disorderly conduct had been made against his men. The order was revoked a day after it was issued. A correspondent of The Outlook now at San Antonio telegraphs that the original order was premature, and that its withdrawal is generally approved.

THE NEW ITALIAN CABINET

The Luzzati Cabinet has resigned and Signor Giolitti has organized a new Cabinet in Italy. Signor Luzzati holds a distinguished place among contemporary statesmen. He is the first Jew who has held a Premiership in the Government of any European power since the days of Beaconsfield. He has taken a deep interest in the welfare of the working classes,

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and it is largely due to him that the peasants and farmers of Italy have so many co-operative banks, and that Italy has postal savings banks. Under four different Premiers he has been Minister of the Treasury, and is perhaps more than any other man responsible for the improvement of Italy's financial position. The programme of the Luzzati Cabinet was not so notable, however, on the financial as on the political side. The particular measure by which it will be longest known is doubtless that of compulsory voting. Such a measure, one would think, would command the support of all the Liberals and Radicals in the country. Unfortunately, Italian politics must be always more or less modified by the fact that reactionary Roman Catholics, now abstaining from the exercise of the franchise, potentially form a strong clerical party. This would probably really result from the application of the compulsory vote. Accordingly the Radicals and Socialists opposed the bill. Two other questions embarrassed the Luzzati Cabinet: the reform of the Senate and the improvement of the railway workers. The members of the Italian Senate are appointed entirely by the King from certain classes of citizens. The Senate needs new blood. The proposed reform would include the introduction of elected Senators and the extension of the classes from which the King selects the appointed ones. While the Senate unanimously voted for this reform in principle, it took up the provisions one by one and defeated them! A proposed reform appropriated four million dollars for the increase of salaries of railway workers. But this did not satisfy the workers; they demanded seven millions, and when the Ministry declined to grant their request they retorted by threatening strikes and acts of violence.

THE POPE AND ITALY'S JUBILEE

As The Outlook has repeatedly announced, the year 1911 is to be celebrated by all Italy in many ways, but especially by the establishment of international expositions at Rome and Turin, all in celebration of the bi-centenary of Italian independence. For it was just fifty years ago that the Italians entered Rome—until then a Papal city and under Papal government, henceforth to be a national city and the Italian capital. The year's celebrations have been acclaimed by the vast majority of Italians and lovers of Italy. But certain irreconcilable Roman Catholics persist in adopting a pouting attitude, and have so far influenced the Pope as to elicit from him an announcement quite in the "Prisoner of the Vatican" attitude imposed upon him by the reactionaries. Moreover, the reactionaries are urging the Pope, as a further sign of displeasure, to close the great galleries under his control for the rest of the year, and thus make every visitor to Rome find the Eternal City far less attractive than it otherwise would be. These galleries are those in the Vatican and the Lateran. Such an act, we do not doubt, would savor too much of revenge to meet the approval of large-minded Roman Catholics. But even if they did approve, the act would be impolitic. By the Law of Guarantees, passed in 1871, Pope Pius IX and his successors became perpetual tenants of the Vatican and the Lateran palaces in Rome, and the Villa Castel Gandolfo, near Rome, rent free. The Italian Government also accorded to the Pontiff a yearly income of about $645,000, the accumulated payment of which, if refused by the Pope, was to stop every three years. While the Popes have never recognized the Law of Guarantees, they have occupied the three properties as the Church's temporal possessions from which its rights could not be alienated, but have persistently declined the annual stipend offered by the State. On the other hand, however, the laws of Italy are precise regarding the rights of the public to enter and enjoy all private palaces, parks, and museums which have once for a given period been open to the public. Thus it may be that, should the Pope close his galleries and museums, a Roman judge might be found who would command their reopening. The attitude of the reactionaries is further emphasized by the report that no cardinal-making consistory will be held, and that the number of Papal audiences and other necessary ceremonies will be reduced to a minimum. The absence of a consistory is the more notable since both England and Canada

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remain without cardinals at the head of their churches.

MR. HARRISON ELECTED MAYOR OF CHICAGO

After a campaign that excited intense public interest, Carter H. Harrison, Democrat, was elected Mayor of Chicago on Tuesday of last week. His vote was 177,923, to 160,971 for his Republican opponent, Alderman Charles E. Merriam, Professor of Political Science in the University of Chicago. Alderman Merriam, though defeated, stirred the city as it had not been stirred before in years. He appears to have laid the foundation for a Progressive Republican movement in Chicago and in Illinois akin to that in evidence in the neighboring States of Wisconsin and Iowa. The day after the election a call was issued to the supporters of Alderman Merriam to come together for the purpose of planning for further political activity along the lines of Republican Insurgency. With few exceptions, the Republican organization leaders were hostile to the candidacy of Mr. Merriam, who had won his nomination at the direct primaries after an open fight. The followers of Senator Lorimer and of Mayor Busse were antagonistic, and even Governor Deneen was lukewarm. Many Democrats, on the other hand, were openly opposed to the Democratic nominee, Mr. Harrison. A serious disadvantage under which Mr. Merriam labored was the suspicion of the so-called "liberal" elements in the cosmopolitan population of a large city that he would be strict in the enforcement of regulations relating to the selling of liquor and Sunday amusements. Mr. Merriam openly committed himself to a liberal policy on these matters. But with the supporters of Harrison crying "personal liberty" and "no blue laws" it was difficult for a candidate without an administrative record on these matters to satisfy the elements in the population that are naturally distrustful of a man not of their own environment. Progressive policies, administrative efficiency, and opposition to all forms of graft were the principal demands of the Merriam campaign. Carter H. Harrison, in winning this election as Mayor, is duplicating the history of his father. The elder Harrison served four terms as Mayor of Chicago, and then, after an interval of six years, was chosen again the fifth time at the beginning of the World's Fair year. The present Carter Harrison was elected Mayor of Chicago in 1897 and was re-elected three times, retiring in 1905. After six years out of office, he is again the successful candidate for the office of Mayor. His next term will be for four years, the other terms having been for two years each. When in office before, Mr. Harrison won much praise because of his action in blocking the attempts of Mr. Yerkes to secure fifty-year street railway franchises. On the administrative side, however, he was always subjected to much criticism. He was easy-going, slipshod in many ways, and given to playing politics with important public issues. The principal newspapers that have said good things of Mr. Harrison in the past—the "Daily News," "Tribune," and "Record-Herald"—were opposed to him in the recent campaign. On the other hand, the publications that have been most abusive of Mr. Harrison in the past—the Hearst papers and the "Inter Ocean"—supported him enthusiastically. One of Mr. Harrison's specific pledges was to bring about a reduction of the price of gas from eighty-five cents to seventy cents a thousand cubic feet. Alderman Merriam refused to name a specific price in advance of an expert inquiry, but stood for the lowest price consistent with fair treatment of invested capital. Mr. Harrison was accused of demagoguery in pledging himself to the specific price of seventy cents in advance of an inquiry justifying that or any other particular figure.

CLEVELAND'S NEW FEDERAL BUILDING

Cleveland has recently dedicated the first of its great public buildings, and has given an impressive outward indication of its proposed "group plan." Cleveland centers at the Public Square, and an area opening out of this square is to be remodeled at a total cost of about thirty million dollars. Around a wide esplanade are to be grouped not only all the municipal buildings, including the Public Library, but also the County Court-House and Federal Building. The esplanade, or Mall, will

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terminate at Lake Erie, where the present ugly and inconvenient railway station is to give place to something better. The group of structures should thus represent every principal function of civic life. In the effort to realize this plan much depended, of course, upon the architects employed as consultants regarding the whole scheme, and particularly upon the architect of the first structure to be erected. That building, recently dedicated, cost $4,000,000, and is a monument not only to the far-sightedness and public spirit of the citizens, but to the ability of its creator, Mr. Arnold W. Brunner. As an example of technical efficiency the structure is worthy of note, for in few Federal buildings are represented, as in it, almost every department of the Government. Not only does the edifice contain the Federal Post-Office and Federal Court-House, embracing the District and Circuit Courts, but also the Custom-House and Internal Revenue Offices, the Steamboat Inspection, Immigration, and Pension Bureaus, the Geological Survey, the Hydrographic Office, the Civil Service Examining Rooms, etc. Indeed, the roof covers the official residence of every Federal officer at work in Cleveland. The architecture of the exterior and interior is remarkable for great dignity and taste, and the interior is equally remarkable because of its ingenious disposition of space. It is also notable on account of the superb mural decorations by Mr. Blashfield, Mr. Low, Mr. Millet, Mr. Kenyon Cox, Mr. Zogbaum, and Mr. Crowninshield. In bringing about the adoption of the group plan in general, and in particular the erection of this Federal building, the chief agency has been the Chamber of Commerce.

A MINING WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT

The issue involved in the Workmen's Compensation Acts is capable of various statements. One clean-cut statement is suggested by the following sentence in the opinion of the Court of Appeals of New York State, described in The Outlook last week, which declared the New York Act unconstitutional: "In everything within the sphere of human activity the risks which are inherent and unavoidable must fall upon those who are exposed to them." Formerly it was considered both by the law and by public opinion that the individual employee in a dangerous employment is the one exposed to its accidents. With the increased sense of social unity, public opinion throughout Christendom has come definitely to the conclusion that it is not the individual but the concern which is carrying on the business which is exposed to all the accidents which are inherent and unavoidable in the conduct of the business, and that it is the duty of the law, and therefore of the courts, to recognize this change from the individual to the social assumption of such risks. The American Mining Congress has just adopted the report of a committee which has for some time been studying this problem, and has proposed a law aimed to recognize legally the fact that the coal-mining companies are exposed in their work to certain inherent and unavoidable risks, which have hitherto been regarded as the risks of the individual miner. This law provides for an annual levy of one cent per ton on the tonnage of all coal mined, the tax to be paid over to the State Treasurer and held by him in a separate fund to be known as "The Employers Accident Indemnity Fund." Out of the fund thus collected the State is, in case of accidents, to make certain payments to the injured party, or, in case of his death, to the survivors in his family, or, in case he is unmarried, to his representatives. The amounts to be paid are specified in the Act, and it is provided that, on the one hand, his acceptance of such payment shall operate as a bar to any suit for damages, and, on the other hand, that the institution of a suit at law by the injured person or his representatives shall be a bar to any recovery from the State fund. We are inclined to think that this Act would be regarded as unconstitutional by the New York State Court of Appeals; but, much as we hesitate on a law problem to call in question the decision of so eminent a tribunal, we do not believe that its recent decision will stand the test of time, for the simple reason that it does not sufficiently recognize the fact that law is, and must be, a developing, not a stationary, science—does not, for example, sufficiently recog-

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nize that in modern organized life it is not the individual employee, but the employing concern, which in common sense is regarded, and by the law should be regarded, as exposed to the inherent and unavoidable accidents of its business. An editorial on another page expresses The Outlook's conviction of the spirit in which the modern court should treat such questions. Certain legal aspects of this particular question—the Workmen's Compensation Acts—we expect to discuss more fully in future issues.

FIRE

Last week thousands of wage-earners walked in solemn procession through the streets of New York City. Many bore arm bands reading "We Mourn Our Loss." The demonstration was not only commemorative of the fellow-workers lost in the recent Washington Place fire; it was also a mute protest against existing conditions. Another protest came from a mass-meeting at the Metropolitan Opera-House, where many more people came together than could be accommodated. The outcome of the meeting was the adoption of resolutions calling for the creation of a permanent committee to advocate new legislation, especially that providing for a Bureau of Fire Prevention. But the meeting also recognized as fundamental the immediate institution of compulsory fire drills, fireproof exits, unlocked doors opening outward, automatic sprinklers, and regular inspection and testing of apparatus. In this connection the difference between American conditions and those abroad is startling. As to loss in life, fire kills about fifteen hundred persons a year in this country, and injures four times that number. In Europe the similar loss does not reach a small fraction of the above. As to buildings, our loss compared with Europe's is over eight times as much per head of population—in other words, while our fire waste costs about $2.72 a head, in most of Europe it does not reach thirty-three cents a head. The material loss is, however, not to be mentioned in the same breath with the loss of life. The frequency of our railway accidents has often caused foreigners to say, "How cheaply Americans hold life!" Such a fire as the recent one in New York City has caused many a foreigner to repeat that expression. How long shall it be a National disgrace?

UNION IN ART IN NEW YORK CITY

The National Academy of Design in New York has taken the lead which The Outlook has urged upon the societies interested in the adequate housing of art in the city; it has decided to invite the co-operation of all organizations devoted to the arts of design in the metropolis in an effort to secure the erection of a Union Building there. Ten societies are expected to join the movement to erect a building that would accommodate them all, not only for exhibition purposes, but for permanent headquarters. It is proposed to raise from private sources a fund of five million dollars to cover both site and building. As to the latter, the tentative plan in the minds of the promoters is made on a basis of at least fifty thousand square feet. This would accommodate all the societies, affording them floor space for permanent quarters exceeding twice the space now used by them, and giving to each a linear wall space at least doubly sufficient for an exhibition embracing all the single exhibitions now held by these organizations. This is an adequate conception of a Union Art Building. How comprehensive such an exhibition would be can be gathered from the names of the organizations which are expected to co-operate in the plan: the National Academy of Design, the National Sculpture Society, the American Water-Color Society, the American Institute of Architects (the New York Chapter), the Architectural League of New York, the New York Water-Color Club, the Society of Mural Painters, the Society of Illustrators, the Society of Beaux-Arts Architects, and the Municipal Art Society. The proposed Board of Control is to consist of twenty artists and five lay members, the latter to be the Mayor, the President of the Borough of Manhattan, representatives of the New York Chamber of Commerce, the New York Public Library, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Outlook has repeatedly urged the erection of such a union building of art; it would encourage

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and develop art study, arouse a general interest in art, advance popular knowledge of the productions of art, and give New York a more definite place among the art centers of the world.

MUNICIPAL ART

The subject of municipal art is of daily increasing interest. In New York City it has been accentuated recently by the activities of the Municipal Art Society, an organization especially brought to the fore by reason of its connection with the so-called "Hero Tablets." At the close of General Bingham's term as Police Commissioner a list of names was made out of officers who deserved permanent enrollment by reason of their heroism in one way or another, and the Municipal Art Society proposed to erect two great bronze tablets at the entrance of the new police buildings commemorating these men. Unfortunately, however, after General Bingham left office some discussion arose as to the list, and hence the matter was held in abeyance for the time being. It is understood that now there has come about a substantial agreement on the names to be commemorated, and that the tablets ere long will be dedicated. The policy of the Municipal Art Society is certainly a generous one; for it aims to leave with the city of New York each year some permanent memorial. The tablets above mentioned would form the memorial for one particular year. For this year the Society desires to erect a monument to the creators of Central Park. Surely the name of Frederick Law Olmsted deserves such recognition, so that succeeding generations will know about the man who, more than any other, is responsible for the exquisite bit of landscape architecture fortunately more than ever "central" in its location.

EUROPE'S ADMIRATION OF AMERICAN MUNIFICENCE

Our friends on the other side of the ocean approve of us at such long intervals, and usually with so many qualifications, that the praise of American munificence editorially expressed in the "Woche," an influential Berlin paper, is like a pleasant, balmy morning in a bleak April. This journal has recently told its readers that in the United States rich men spend their money for things which benefit the people at large; that they do not confine their expenditures to their own luxuries, nor do they store up money, but distribute it with foresight and care. The most remarkable fact about American munificence, it declares, is its magnificence. In 1910 the sum given away amounted to $65,000,000, a statement which, as a matter of fact, falls very much short of the truth. In 1909 the sum given away reached $185,000,000. And the German newspaper is not only astonished at the magnitude of these sums, but still more surprised by the intelligence with which they are distributed. The objects of the donors have been, according to this critic, to succor the laboring classes, to endow scientific research, and to diffuse religious and secular education. Mr. Rockefeller's ideals, the "Woche" says, are more religious than those of Mr. Carnegie; and it calls attention to the recent provision for the erection of a chapel in connection with the University of Chicago. The "Woche" also declares that American benefactors do not endeavor to start new cults, and are free from faddishness; their idea seems to be to contribute to the efficiency of what already exists; not to choke off individual initiative, but to spur it on; and, in contravention to the conventional cut-and-dried opinion of European travelers and the European press that the energy and skill of Americans are inspired by the love of money, the "Woche" says: Those who assert that Americans love the dollar for the dollar's sake must needs be reminded that in America generosity in giving is not confined to millionaires, but that people in general are liberal in their contributions to the support of the school and of the church. The millionaire gives because public opinion forces upon him his obligation to do so. It further declares that "the American system of beneficence is infinitely preferable to that which obtains in many civilized countries of Europe, where the munificence of the wealthy is too often exercised in such a way as to encourage idleness and incompetence." The extraordinary intelligence of these comments justifies their reproduction on this side of the ocean, and confirms the impression that Europe is beginning to

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discern something of the real America, and to get a glimpse of the real American.

THE COMIC SUPPLEMENT

The motto of "The League for the Improvement of the Children's Comic Supplement" is not, as some newspapers would lead their readers to infer, to destroy the comic supplement, but "To Improve the Comic Supplement for the Children;" and it is difficult to imagine how any intelligent person can study the comic supplement as it is presented from Boston to San Francisco, and not become a subscriber to this motto. As part of the material gathered for The Outlook's discussion of this subject, there were secured about fifty comic supplements published in connection with a number of important newspapers from all over the country. No one could look at those supplements, spread out on the floor of two rooms, without receiving two impressions: one, the extraordinary lack of invention; the other, the extraordinary unanimity of bad drawing, bad coloring, and demoralizing suggestion. It must not be forgotten that there are two kinds of comic supplements; what the League is trying to do is to aid the good and discourage the bad. Nothing is of more fundamental importance than familiarizing American children with drawing, color, and composition of the right sort, and with ideas of respect, reverence, and honor. At a mass-meeting held in New York under the auspices of the League, Mr. Percival Chubb, who has rendered great service to the public in this connection as well as in other directions, read a number of letters from prominent people in educational, literary, and artistic work, condemning as vulgar many of the comic sheets which form a part of the Sunday newspapers. The comic supplement was not denounced *en masse;* condemnation was pronounced upon those supplements that are cheap and vulgar. The legitimate demand for humor and amusement for children was fully recognized; the liking of the people of the country for the comic supplement was also recognized; as was the broad liberty of taste which makes it possible for one man to love Browning and the next man to love the caricature of a Negro so gross that it is difficult to recognize the difference between him and an animal. But it must also be recognized that the fact that some people choose bad things is just the reason why they should be educated to choose better things. With the great majority of illustrated color supplements it is impossible to associate the idea of fun, of humor, or of manners. The drawing is atrocious, the coloring brutal, and the chief source of amusement presented to little children is the irreverent treatment of their elders. What people really want is comedy; what the supplement gives them is buffoonery; and the duty of those who have standards is to help educate people to understand the difference between the comedian and the buffoon. The comic supplement as now printed in the majority of cases is an instrument for widespread vulgarization of taste, and for the diffusion of that spirit of irreverence and lawlessness which is probably the most serious menace of the prosperity of the country. A number of leading American journals are endeavoring to supply amusing pictures and reading for children, and these journals ought to have the generous support of all parents who care, not only for their children, but for the well-being of the community. The editors of the journals which now publish the vulgar supplements would instantly respond if public taste demanded something better; and the League, under the leadership of Mr. Chubb, ought to have branches in every large city in the United States.

AN ATTACK ON THE BIRDS

Thousands of Outlook readers live in the country, or go to the country for their vacations every year, and most of them—perhaps all of them—take pleasure in the songs or the plumage of the wild birds which add so much to the interest and charm of country life. Such readers should take note of the fact that another attempt is being made in the New York Legislature to deprive the native birds of the protection that they have recently enjoyed. A bill has been introduced in the Assembly by A. J. Levy, of New York City, which will not only repeal, in effect, the Shea "White Plumage

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Law," enacted last year, but open the way for the sale of the plumage of many birds that have hitherto been protected. The Levy bill, it is said, has been framed so adroitly, and with such skillful manipulation of words, as to deceive the unsuspicious reader, and make him think that it is a measure intended further to safeguard the birds of the State. The National Association of Audubon Societies, however, declares that the bill has been drawn, and is being pressed, in the interest of certain large concerns in New York which care not at all for the wild birds, but much for the money that the birds' feathers will bring. The association has issued a leaflet entitled "A Call for Help," in which it begs all friends of the birds to write to their Senators and Representatives in the Legislature and urge the latter to work and vote against the Levy bill. The Outlook is fully in sympathy with the aims of the Audubon Societies, and it ventures, furthermore, to express the hope that its readers will try, not only to defeat the objectionable bill, but to discourage the use of birds' plumage for personal adornment. One of the oldest and most widely extended natural history societies in Russia is incorporated under the name "Lovers of Nightingales." If we had in the United States more "Lovers of Egrets," "Lovers of Tern," and "Lovers of Bright-Colored Birds," and fewer "Lovers of Hats Trimmed with the Plumage of Birds," it would not be necessary to fight such measures as the Levy bill every year or two in our State Legislatures.

A PRIZE FOR GOOD FICTION

The offering of prizes for the best poems, essays, short stories, proverbs, and puzzles has long been a practice among enterprising American journals, and occasionally the conferring of the prize has drawn to itself another prize: it has happened on various occasions that a piece of genuinely good writing has carried off the honors and the money. While it is true that money, as a rule, does not call out the best things in the artistic world, it is true that the offer of a definite reward sometimes crystallizes the half-formed purpose of some really competent person and evokes a work of permanent value. At any rate, this method of stimulating interest and work has for some years received the sanction of the dignified French Academy, and its scope has but lately enlarged. At a recent meeting the Academy decided to award an annual prize of 10,000 francs ($2,000) for the best novel or other piece of imaginative prose published any time during the preceding two years; the prize to be awarded only in case the manuscripts submitted are of a sufficiently high standard. This is the first time in the history of the Academy that a prize has been offered for a novel, although many of the most distinguished members of the Academy have been novelists. The principal argument urged in favor of offering the prize was that it would give added importance and dignity to the production of this class of literature. A committee was appointed to make such arrangements that the prize can be awarded for the first time during the present year. If French writers of fiction are as numerous as American aspirants in this field, the labors of the committee of award will be onerous.

THE GRENFELL PROGRAMME FOR 1911

Three interesting new features are expected to distinguish this year's work by Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, the great medical missionary, in Labrador and Newfoundland. One should be the development of influence along the line of the stations of the Hudson's Bay Company. That Company has now made Dr. Grenfell its "Medical Adviser," a position enabling the Company, through its trade, to know how best to benefit the people on the coast. A second feature is to be the possibility of greater economy in getting goods and supplies for the use of Dr. Grenfell and his associates, and through them for the use of the population in general. One of the largest fish dealers in England has offered to take fish direct from the co-operative stores established by Dr. Grenfell, thus saving the fisherman's export cargo from the middleman's charge and profit; moreover, Dr. Grenfell has arranged with the Manchester Co-operative Stores to furnish his own co-operative stores with goods at cost, thus saving the middleman's profit on the return cargo. These operations are made

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possible by the recent gift of a new hundred-and-fifty-ton schooner from Mr. Cluett, of Saratoga, New York: the boat's efficiency is doubled by its equipment of auxiliary engines. A third feature of the work is to be the completion of the new Fisherman's Institute at St. John's, Newfoundland, a building to cost a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Twenty thousand dollars of this amount is still to be raised, and Dr. Grenfell is spending the spring in this country, traveling incessantly from place to place, in the endeavor to obtain this amount. While from his appeals the benefit derived in the direction of a general moral and religious revival here is incalculable—for perhaps no man has more instant or lasting influence—his strength should not be allowed to be spent in money appeals, but conserved for other appeals and for the arduous labors awaiting him next summer in his mission field in the north. His thousands of friends and admirers can make this possible by meeting the amount required to complete the Fisherman's Institute, sending their checks to the Treasurer of the Grenfell Association of America, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

DR. CHARLES F. AKED

Four years ago this spring The Outlook welcomed the coming of the Rev. Charles F. Aked to the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in New York, from an influential ministry of sixteen years in Pembroke Chapel, then the largest Protestant congregation in Liverpool. Notwithstanding two interruptions by severe illness, he has fully justified the expectations of the church that called him hither, and is now leaving them, with mutual sincere regret, to become the minister of the First Congregational Church in San Francisco. Dr. Aked possesses uncommon gifts as a popular preacher, and has attracted congregations that overflow the seating room of his small edifice here. The erection of a larger building in the same district and removal from that district being found alike impracticable, the larger field offered in San Francisco has drawn him thither. The farewell given him at a great public meeting in Liverpool, whose Lord Mayor characterized him as "a high-minded and fearless citizen, who has played a great part in civic life, and has won the esteem of all right-thinking men and women," indicates what San Francisco may expect of his accession to the forces that make for righteousness there. The present year, when that city and California, after long domination by men of corrupting principles and corrupt practices, have recently shaken off the incubus, is auspicious for Dr. Aked's entrance on the field as their ally.

IMMIGRANT SELECTION ILLUSTRATED

The Outlook already has discussed the recent report and recommendations of the United States Immigration Commission, and has advocated a constructive plan of selection. Perhaps the most instructive illustration of an effective constructive immigration programme is that of Canada. The Dominion has undertaken to obtain certain classes of immigrants and to debar others for which there are no economic opportunities. She has great areas of unoccupied agricultural land in the West. There is much railway building to be done. Canada sends out agents to bring in the efficient agriculturist and farm and railway laborer, as well as the always-needed house-servant. On the other hand, she discourages the coming of those who will not fit into her economic plan, and enforces her disfavor by aggressive administrative measures if they are required. Only those races which she believes adapted to her civilization are encouraged to contribute to her population. Unlike the United States, Canada has no contract labor law. On the contrary, the evidences of assured employment upon landing count heavily in favor of admission, and sometimes will serve as the only basis. For the accomplishment of her ends Canada maintains agencies and pays bonuses for immigrants of the desired character in those countries from which she wishes to draw. These are Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, and last, but by no means least, the United States. All imaginable devices likely to be effective are used. They include advertising, exhibitions of agricultural products at fairs, and the display of pictures. Delegations of successful farm-

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ers are sent abroad to visit localities favorable for the sowing of the seed. They describe the opportunities and answer the questions of possible immigrants. Newspaper and other writers are invited to Canada. It will interest Americans to know that Canada has advertised the favorable opportunities to be found in western Canada in upwards of seven thousand American publications. This is in marked contrast to the American policy of prohibiting all advertising of the possibilities of the United States as an immigrant country. A distinction, of course, is that the Canadian Government, and not some private transportation company with selfish ends to serve, decides upon the character of the propaganda. In addition to the bonuses, the railways also offer a special fare to immigrants for the journey from the border to their destination, and the Government helps the desirable immigrant to obtain employment.

A FLEXIBLE LAW

In contradistinction to that of the United States, the Canadian law is a most flexible one, permitting the administrative force to use a large measure of discretion in the manner of its enforcement. Canada's immigration policy has been officially expressed in these words: "(1) Money is expended and administration is exercised with the object of securing immigrants whose purpose in life is to occupy farm lands, either as owners, tenants, or laborers. (2) Money is voted and administration is exercised with the object of excluding those whose presence in Canada would tend to add to the congestion of our towns and cities." The law is so framed as to permit a wide latitude of action in carrying out this policy. Its provisions for the rejection of those physically, mentally, and morally unsound are similar in character to those of the United States. Its flexibility is illustrated by the manner in which its provisions may be made to fit new conditions. Special administrative problems may be met by orders of the "Governor in Council." Through the changing of the amount of money necessary for admission, for instance, the volume and character of any particular class of immigration may be regulated. The problem of Oriental immigration was met by this means, the Government reserving to itself the right to determine whether a given class of immigrants were suited to the climate and the requirements of the country; and on this ground, and by raising the amount necessary for the admission of an Asiatic to two hundred dollars, it has practically eliminated the Japanese. The power conferred on the Governor-General in Council respecting immigration is so great that it would be possible through the special orders to cut off not only any particular class of immigration, but to stop immigration altogether. In another marked respect the Canadian law differs from that of the United States. The only ground on which an alien may be deported from the United States for a cause arising after landing is the practice of prostitution. In Canada an immigrant may be deported for acts following his admission, or on the ground of being a public charge. Deportation may take place within a period of three years after landing. This club over the immigrant amounts to a probationary term within which he is given an opportunity to demonstrate his right to be in the country and his ability to "make good." What has been the fruitage of Canada's policy? Out of more than a million and a quarter aliens admitted to the Dominion in the course of the decade in which it has been in force, nearly one-third were from the United States and two-fifths from the British Isles. Something more than three million dollars were expended in stimulating this part of the immigration. The immigrants took scores of millions of dollars of property with them into the country. Of this number nearly two-fifths were farmers or farm laborers, 58.4 per cent of the agricultural class coming from the United States. Two-thirds of the quarter of a million homesteads entered in the western provinces are occupied by former aliens, nearly one-third of the total immigration going upon them. Canada's policy is based on a clear conception of her needs, and her laws evidently are well adapted to the accomplishment of her purpose. The investigation of the United States Immigration Commission for the first time puts the United States in a position to adopt a definite policy based on knowledge.

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"AS HE SAID"

To us the resurrection of Christ seems the most wonderful event in history; a sudden vision of a great peak rising into perpetual sunshine, seen once by the eyes of men when, for a moment, the clouds parted. To us it is a miraculous occurrence which stands out solitary in the long record of time. To the heavenly guardians of the tomb it was only the manifestation to men of an event as universal as birth. To the Christ it was a passing incident for which he made preparation as quietly as for a night of sleep; to him the morning which shines for us with a glory beyond the reach of speech came as normally as other mornings have come since the beginning of time, and he rose and laid aside the garments in which he had slept as quietly as we put aside the clothes of the night and go forth to the work and joy of the day.

His whole life and teaching had predicted the issue of that experience with death; the inexhaustible tide of life which poured in upon the world with his coming could no more have been arrested by the change we call death than the sea rushing landward in a fathomless flood of many waters can be held back by a wall of sand. That tide swept through and past the barrier with the tremendous sweep of an elemental power for which obstacles do not exist. Concerned with the giving of life, charging the very borders of his garments with vitality, healing with a touch, calling back the dead with a word, death was for the Christ but a passing shadow on the landscape of the world. To men it was a dense and awful mystery; to him it was a momentary clouding of the sun, powerless to destroy or even to obscure. When he spoke of it, his voice had no deeper note than when he spoke of the toils and sorrows of the human state; his tones were far less grave than when he spoke of the sins that imperiled the soul. Being what he was, his resurrection was inevitable; every word and deed predicted it. On the first great Easter morning, when the faithful women found the stone rolled away, and entered the tomb, two men in shining raiment stood by them and said to them: "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen, as he said; and they remembered his words."

He had said it to them a thousand times in as many languages as there are forms of expression. Every work of healing was a disclosure of immortality; every quiet talk with the little company of disciples and every discourse with the multitude proclaimed it; the spirit that radiated from him like light in a dark place, like warmth in a cold world, was charged with deathless life; his wonderful personality, so deeply set in the history of the world and yet so far above its passion and blindness and evil, so intimately in the homes of men and yet so intimately at home with God, proclaimed the immortal life with such an eloquence of prophecy and majesty of evidence that his resurrection became as much a matter of course as his power of service, his divine habit of love.

He did not promise the resurrection and the life; he was the resurrection and the life. The decisive witness to immortality is not the resurrection, which was the physical manifestation of a universal fact; the compelling testimony to the reality of the unbroken and indestructible life of the spirit was the Christ himself. His mighty works were not the miracles on which faith builds its invisible peace; he was himself the miracle on which the faith of humanity rests on a foundation more massive than the round world itself.

He rose on the third day, "as he said," but the prediction was not made in words only or chiefly; it was not the promise but the revelation of the nature of the soul, not the promise of a great experience to come but of a life that now is. His whole life was prophetic; again and again the clouds parted and the immortality he was shone in the eyes of men; he shed the light of that immortality on every home he entered, on every path he walked. Through the midst of mortal fears and sickness and anguish and death he moved, touched with all sorrow, weighted with the awful sense of sin around him, tender and compassionate at every tomb; and yet serene, immovable, undismayed; wearing his immortality like an invisible garment until he stood revealed in it that first Easter morning.

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APPLIED ETHICS IN JOURNALISM

I suppose all thoughtful men are agreed upon the fact that the journalist plays a more important part for good and for evil in our community to-day than even the great business man or the successful politician; and this of course means that the journalist who does evil does more evil, and the journalist who does good does more good, than any other men are able to do.

There is no particular in which this is more evident than in the relation of the journalist to business through advertising.

Abuses grow up almost insensibly. At first they are hardly abuses at all, and they become such so gradually that the best men, of necessity, take a longer or shorter time before they wake up to the fact that the abuse has arrived. This applies equally in the business, the political, and the newspaper worlds. Twenty or thirty years ago the best citizen would have been genuinely surprised at any protest against the giving and accepting of rebates by and from railways, the giving and acceptance of campaign funds by and from corporations, and the acceptance by newspapers of advertisements of patent medicines, stocks promising extraordinary returns, and the like. In all these cases time, of necessity, elapsed before the evil was recognized. Then the leaders of sound public opinion acted, and in each case our gratitude is due to them for their action.

In advertisements there are, of course, all kinds of evil. Perhaps the evil is most marked in connection with fake financial advertisements and advertisements of patent medicines. The fake financial advertisements represent a detestable evil, and yet the great majority of daily papers still print these advertisements just as they print the equally detestable medical advertisements. There are papers—with some of which I totally and radically disagree, even from the standpoint of morality, in so far as their editorial policy is concerned—which refuse to print either kind of advertisement, and which therefore deserve in this respect high credit; but most newspapers, including, I regret to say, most of those of the largest circulation, are still conspicuous offenders in this regard, and accept indifferently the advertisements of practically any kind of financial swindle as well as of perfectly safe concerns. The latter, however, advertise very much less freely than the former.

In a recent raid made by the Post-Office Department the official estimates announced that the financial frauds closed up in the raid had taken from the public about eighty million dollars. The experts in the advertising world to whom I have spoken say that about one-third of the net receipts of these financial swindles are spent in advertising in the newspapers. This would mean that, as to the swindlers put out of business by the Post-Office Department through its recent action, one-third of the money, or twenty-five million dollars, which the swindlers had taken from unsophisticated people, and usually very poor people, had gone into the hands of newspaper publishers. A prominent authority in the Post-Office Department stated recently that, as a fair estimate, he believed that between thirty and forty million dollars a year was paid in this country to newspapers of great circulation for advertising financial swindles of the worst kind.

Nobody can estimate the amount of real misery caused in the hearts of poor and unsophisticated people by these swindlers, in whose hands they have put their petty savings, and in whose good intentions they have placed their foolish faith and hope. Moreover, there is a grim irony in the fact that many of the newspapers which have been the worst offenders in this respect are the very newspapers which in their non-advertising columns howl their devotion to the poor man and attack the rich.

As has been shown by the action of the Post-Office Department, the Government can and does, even now, interfere to a certain extent with this kind of swindle; and with better and stronger laws it will interfere still more. But in addition to law there must be an informed body of public opinion, able to express the righteous indignation which all men should feel at this kind of mean money-making and mean wrongdoing. The worst actions of the big business corporations cannot cause more misery than can be caused by a single great daily newspaper which habitually advertises swindles of this character.

The patent medicine advertising repre-

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sents as great an evil. With regard to this, there has been a great advance in public sentiment. The National Pure Food Law represented a great step in the right direction. The high-class magazines of the country, both monthly and weekly, have thrown out this class of advertising, and now no respectable magazine publishes it; but the great majority of the newspapers print it without limitation, and probably gain as much money from it as from the financial advertisements. We hear much of the influence exercised by great corporations upon the press, and unquestionably this influence has been, and is, very serious. Yet it cannot be greater than the evil influence exercised by the backers of objectionable medical and financial advertisements when they spend between thirty and forty millions a year in the daily newspaper press.

It is easy to state in general terms the distinction between those journals that have conscience in this matter and those that have not, as long as one keeps carefully to the abstract. Just to avoid this easy and normally not very useful type of generalization, I wish to call attention, first, to two specific instances of the evils in journalistic advertising, and then to two specific instances of real service.

In 1907 Mr. Stimson, then United States District Attorney in New York City, secured a verdict against Mr. Bennett, the proprietor of the New York "Herald," and forced him to pay a fine of about thirty thousand dollars for circulating through the mails the obscene matter contained in the "Personal" columns of the New York "Herald." In this case, by the way, many of the newspapers which are ordinarily of reasonable virtue so hid the facts as to prevent any effective understanding by the public of the real reason for the animosity very naturally shown by Mr. Bennett through his papers ever since toward all the public officials who were in any way connected with bringing him to justice for his crime.

The second instance is that of another New York daily newspaper. As I write, I have before me the issue of the New York "World" for January 1, 1911, and of the "World Almanac" for 1911, and it is simply appalling to see the number of medical advertisements scattered broadcast through the newspaper and through the "Almanac." A peculiarly objectionable feature of these medical advertisements, exactly as with the financial advertisements, is that it is the poorest class, the most helpless class, of people that are most hurt by them. I believe that legislation could be framed to forbid such advertisements. In default of such legislation there is at least need that we should discriminate in the sharpest way between newspapers which war against this evil and newspapers which encourage it.

Of the two instances of real public service, one is that of the Boston "Transcript." This newspaper has consistently refused to print either fake financial advertisements or advertisements of patent medicines.

The other instance of real public service is that which has been rendered by "Collier's Weekly." Its campaign, begun five years ago, hit the patent medicine concerns very hard and greatly reduced the amount they spent in advertising; but they have recently begun to get back their courage and to increase the advertising of patent medicines and of those medical practitioners whom reputable doctors regard as quacks and swindlers. "Collier's" service has been rendered not only by the stand it has taken as regards advertising, but by the way it has made courage back up virtue in applying that stand. The experience of "Collier's" with the Postum Cereal Company illustrates this. In 1905 "Collier's" announced that it would accept no advertisements of certain classes, among which were those "making claims to medicinal effect." The attention of "Collier's" was thereupon called to an advertisement of Grape Nuts which was published in that same issue. Being persuaded that the advertisement did lay claim to medicinal effects, "Collier's" excluded the advertisement from its pages. A year and a half later "Collier's" printed an editorial criticising the advertisements of Grape Nuts on these grounds. Upon this Mr. Post, the proprietor of the article in question, published an advertisement in several hundred newspapers in which he said that "Collier's" had tried to force him to advertise in that paper. Thereupon "Collier's" promptly sued him for libel, and obtained the unprecedented

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verdict of fifty thousand dollars. An amusing feature of the case, and one which shows the influence of advertisements upon the daily press, is that very few papers gave any publicity to this noteworthy verdict, and when mentioned it was usually in the most inconspicuous fashion.

We owe hearty respect to the public servant who, like ex-District Attorney Stimson, fearlessly does his duty in bringing to justice a great newspaper that goes wrong, although he knows that his action will be of harm to himself personally; and we are bound to pay a tribute of deserved respect to a paper like "Collier's," when in a matter so vital to the public well-being it wages so fearless, aggressive, and efficient a fight for honesty and decency.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE JUDGE AND THE PEOPLE

No one with a heart can read Mrs. Scott's vivid and moving article about factory girls which is printed elsewhere in this issue without being driven to thoughtfulness. No one could see thousands of men and women, mostly wage-earners, gathering in the chill rain one day last week in New York, and marching in silent solemnity to the burial of the unidentified dead from the fire in the shirt-waist factory, without being driven to thoughtfulness. Of course there is in that thoughtfulness pity for the victims—the dead, the crippled, the destitute; but there is something more. One who thinks at such a time at all is compelled to face the question, Is it right, is it civilized, to let the burden of such a disaster fall upon those least able to bear it? Is it even enlightened self-interest to let such a disaster swell the roll of those who become human derelicts, who cannot pull their own weight, who create that burden on society that is caused by misery, destitution, and helplessness?

What is there to prevent the thirteen-year-old under-nourished Minnie, newly arrived from Russia, and left alone by the death of her sister in that fire, from becoming a charge on society, or something even more deplorable? She can sue her late sister's employer. That is, a thirteen-year-old alien starveling, without money, is permitted by law to hire a lawyer and begin a contest against a large business concern. The very notion is preposterous. But, even if she did sue, she would have to show that the employer was negligent. Suppose she were unable to show that, the burden of this industrial accident, incidental to the business, must fall on her. Is there no other remedy? This loss of a hundred and forty lives in a fire at one time is dramatic and appalling; but it scarcely affects appreciably the total of casualties from industrial accidents in this country. These accidents do not often occur in large groups; but one by one they reach in the end an enormous number. They create a burden of destitution that is inconceivable. This burden ought to rest on the businesses that cause it. The breakages in machinery in the factory are part of the cost of producing the goods made in that factory. The breakages in the human machine should be charged to the same account.

New York State passed last year a law to provide that loss of human life and limb should rest upon the business that caused the loss. The measure provided that the employer should compensate every employee injured because of the ordinary risks of the occupation.

The Court of Appeals has said, No, the State of New York cannot have such a law. Why? Because, in the opinion of the judges, this law does not "protect life, limb, health, comfort, peace, and property." These judges say: "In order to sustain legislation under the police power the courts must be able to see that its operation tends in some degree to prevent some offense or evil, or to preserve public health, morals, safety, and welfare." This law, so declare these judges, is not of that sort; so its provisions for the taking of property without due process of law cannot be approved under the police power. In other words, these judges say that automatic compensation does not "preserve public health, morals, safety, and welfare."

This is not a statement regarding a legal principle; it is a statement regarding social conditions. In spite of their protestation that they are governed by "purely

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legal phases" of the case, they are really governed by their views about human life. And, as if to emphasize this fact, they cite case after case—not to illustrate a point of law, but to point out distinctions in human life. For example, they say that the law can require a railway to compensate a person not an employee for injury, though the railway may be blameless, for "in such a case, when both parties are equally faultless," say these judges, "the legislature may properly consider it just that the duty of insuring private property against loss or injury caused by the use of the dangerous instruments should rest upon the railroad company which employs the instruments and creates the peril for its own profit;" but these judges deny this when the injured person is an employee of the company. Why? Simply because he has a "contractual relation" with the company. But how about sailors? They have a contractual relation with their employers, but they can compel their masters to care for them when injured. Yes, answer these judges, but sailors are "incapable of fully protecting their own rights;" while a workman, they assume, "voluntarily enters upon employment from which he is at liberty to withdraw whenever he will."

These are statements about actual conditions under which people live, about the effects of action upon human life. With these conclusions we absolutely disagree. We hold that, however learned these judges are in legal precedents, they are ignorant about human life. And their ignorance has brought disaster upon the community. As the editor of the "Survey" pointed out last week, their error has been as calamitous as the error of a general upon the field of battle; and they ought, like him, to be held accountable for what they have done.

Judges cannot escape the duty of rendering decisions concerning the conditions of life. They cannot escape being governed by economic and social considerations. And it is as much their business to be informed on these matters as upon the technical points of the law.

A case is soon to come before the district court at Omaha, Nebraska. It concerns the constitutionality of a law which forbids night work for women. The whole question is not whether it is Constitutional for the Legislature to regulate particularly the hours of labor for women—that has been upheld—but whether this particular form of regulation is a real safeguard; in other words, whether night work for women is sufficiently injurious to make it justifiable for the State to interfere. This is not a legal question; it is a medical question, a question of hygiene. There is no doubt whatever what the conclusion of medical experts would be—it would amply sustain the law. But what will these judges decide? That depends upon their breadth of view, upon the extent of their knowledge of life and acquaintance with the social and physical effects of modern industry.

Judges cannot escape these questions. Most of them arise in cases concerning the relation between employer and employee. Not all, however. The Commodities Case, decided by the Supreme Court of the United States last week, turned upon a question of corporate organization. It is a big industrial question, and one which can be answered correctly by no amount of mere legal learning, but only by a knowledge of business affairs. The patent medicine case decided last week by the United States Supreme Court affords another illustration. Can the manufacturer of a proprietary article enforce a contract with a wholesale dealer to keep up the retail price of the article? There was a difference of opinion in the Court. Most of the judges decided that he could not, because he would thus act in restraint of trade. Judge Holmes differed with his colleagues chiefly because he did not value as highly as they did competition as a trade regulator. These judges rendered their decision on what is primarily a "business proposition."

Judges, under the guise of interpreting laws and constitutions, are constantly called on to decide what are and what are not public dangers. The Legislature may enact laws endlessly, the people may amend constitutions freely; but the judges of our courts can present their own views as obstacles to almost any reform. We shall not get remedies for evils till our judges know life. Such relief as workmen's compensation will be denied to the people till, through the power of public

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opinion, judges, first, recognize their function as interpreters of social questions, and, second, exercise that function with knowledge and common sense.

DEALING IN SCANDAL

Englishmen have been shocked recently by a disclosure of the subterranean sewerage system which connects some of the great houses of London with the editorial offices of the purveyors of scandal to the uneducated victims of sensational newspapers. A London butler who recently advertised for a position received a letter, signed "Harriet Churchill," in which the writer said: "I would be pleased to hear from you if you have half an hour to spare once or twice a week and would care to turn it into cash by writing me a long, gossipy letter about the well-known people in English society who stay in the houses where you are employed. I pay liberally and settle each month for the letters received the previous one. I write for some of the American papers, which insist on having current gossip, amusing stories, etc., about well-known people over here, and I buy large quantities of such letters regularly."

Further light is shed on the methods of conducting yellow journalism in this country by a letter recently sent to the London "Times" by Lady Henry Somerset, an Englishwoman widely known and greatly respected in this country. For a number of years past she has written for the Hearst syndicate articles on matters affecting the interests of women and children and dealing with the social conditions of the people, the proceeds of this work being devoted to various charities. Some time ago a man, who stated that he represented this syndicate, called on Lady Henry Somerset and requested her to enlarge the scope of these articles so as to include social news; a request which was met by a prompt and decisive refusal. Later, articles began to appear in the journals of social garbage in Boston and New York "containing London gossip of the most contemptible description, over my signature, with a portrait of myself appended." The matter was placed in the hands of American lawyers, and Lady Henry Somerset was told that the headlines indicating that she was the author of these scandalous articles were "printers' errors"! Lady Henry Somerset did not know that "printers' errors" is a kind of cyclone cellar into which editors who are brave when they slander but cowards when they are called to account take refuge when a storm approaches. For these "forged articles" no apology was ever offered and no public retraction ever made.

The newspapers engaged in this nefarious traffic of scandals are fortunately few in number, and live only on the breath of a popularity which must be renewed every day; they have no rootage in conviction, affection, or confidence. They appeal to the baser passions of their readers, stir up class feeling, denounce the rich on their editorial pages, and fill their news columns with accounts of the pleasures, sports, vices, extravagances, and scandals of the men and women whom they affect to despise.

But when the London "Times" declared that letters from which quotations have been made throw light on the standards of life obtaining in a modern democracy, and fostered by a democratic press, it invited the frank suggestion that a society which furnishes so much material for the yellow journal is hardly in a position to protest against its publication. "Harriet Churchill," it now appears, is an Englishwoman who furnishes "social intelligence" to certain English newspapers. The incident would have no public interest but for this fresh illustration of the ancient habit of lecturing Americans on all occasions for faults of taste which they share with other peoples. In England this sort of gossip, in its most serious forms, is a large part of the stock in trade of many men and women in society, and it has often been remarked that the English "take it out" of their aristocracy by the outrageous things they say about them. Americans who have much to do with English society hear so many scandalous tales about people of rank that they come to regard this widespread habit of disparagement as a kind of pastime which can be carried on without interfering with other forms of amusement.

Scandals are far too many in every country, and especially in those countries in which wealth and leisure are ample; it is the special American misfortune that

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the law gives the press such license in reporting the details of every kind of offense against manners and morals. The English press is greatly helped in its struggle for good manners and sound morals by the English law of libel and of contempt of court, and by the British jury, which stands in no awe of the sensational newspaper. This regard for reputation and privacy is one of the finest fruits of English civilization and one of the most effective supports of English liberty. This form of liberty Americans have lost. There is nothing so sacred in the home or the family that the sensational press will not smirch it if it gets a chance. It will print a foul "story" even when it has in its possession conclusive evidence that it is untrue; and, having exploited the outrageous fabrication, it is too cowardly to retract or correct its misstatements. The time is coming when Americans will make a fight for the right of privacy and stop the mouths of slanderers by law.

There is both in England and this country another aspect of this matter of society news; a great deal of the information concerning society people, their dinners, balls, weddings, is furnished by the people themselves. This is one of the easy devices of the "climber" here and abroad. To these self-advertisers must be added the large class of men and women who love publicity and court it at any sacrifice of dignity and refinement. Commenting on this aspect of the matter, the "Saturday Review" recently said: "The greater part of the gossip and scandal that appear in society journals is supplied by ladies and gentlemen moving in that world on some footing or another." The photographs of women of fashion and of the interiors of handsome houses which adorn the Sunday issues of the newspaper are not all surreptitiously secured; they are often gratuitously furnished. This is not a serious form of social offense; it gratifies the love of admiration on the one hand, and the very human interest in rank and wealth and fashion on the other. If one is beautiful, why not share the gift and grace with a multitude? If one has a stately home, why not entertain a crowd without the bother of sending out invitations and having "plain-clothes men" guarding one's toilet articles from the ravages of the souvenir hunters? Curiosity about the rich, the beautiful, the society leaders, is not the highest form of human interest; but, whatever may be said about the taste of those who are ready to gratify it, there is no grave mischief done, and the newspapers must not be blamed if they use material always at their command and always salable. It is the subterranean traffic in scandal with servants, the mean eavesdropping, the brutal exploitation of private sorrows, the outrageous distortion of innocent things until they take on criminal aspects, the hideous air of expecting a noisome disclosure whenever the door into the house is opened, that make sensational journalism a nefarious business, degrading alike to those who sell and to those who buy.

IMPRESSIONS OF A CARELESS TRAVELER

BERMUDA

The first impressions of a Careless Traveler are not to be taken too seriously. If I had written this letter at the end of the first week, what I would have written would have been something like this: The climate of Bermuda in March is like the climate of the coast of Maine in July—except that there is no fog. Or it is like the climate on an ocean steamer. You come up on deck in the morning; the sun is shining; hardly a cloud to be seen; you prophesy for yourself a fair day. After breakfast you come up on deck again; the sky has clouded over; a cool wind is blowing; there is a dash of rain. You go down and get your wraps and prepare for a rainy day, but before mid-morning lunch the wind has blown the clouds away, the sun has come out, and you are using your steamer rug as a chair cushion instead of as a covering. Climatically Bermuda is a steamship anchored in mid-ocean.

But at the end of the second week I have a different impression. The sun is out permanently. The clouds come and go only enough to cast beautiful shadows on the hills and on the ocean. The wind blows just enough to save us from all suggestion of stagnation. The days are warm, but not hot: the nights are cool,

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but not cold. There is no edge to the wind; there is no burning to the sun. I begin to understand why the Bermudians build their houses without fireplaces. Personally, I like a warm climate—for vacation. But I have the tropical temperament: thermometer at seventy degrees, ideal; at eighty degrees, enjoyable; at ninety degrees, not uncomfortable; at one hundred degrees I begin to sigh for cooler weather. But here, with the thermometer ranging from fifty-five to seventy-five degrees—this is not scientific but impressionistic—I must confess I find the climate more invigorating. Bermuda is not the land for the lotus-eater. And March is March even in Bermuda. No! I will correct that statement. It is the first half of April. But in all seasons it is a land of beauty.

There are three adjectives I would choose to characterize Bermuda—beautiful, balmy, clean. When I asked the poet of Bermuda what color he should call the water, he answered without hesitation, as a good poet should, "A shimmering, iridescent peacock blue." A poet, and yet without exaggeration! Still, I don't agree with the poet unless he includes in the peacock blue all the colors in the peacock's tail. The islands of Bermuda are like bits of greenish silver surrounded by big fire opals that flash quickly succeeding lights of peacock, cobalt, turquoise blue, and soft clear green. With the setting sun the sparkle leaves the water and the softer light transforms the blues into a mellow, iridescent gray. As for the flowers of the island, we are too late for the best exhibition of its roses and too early for its lilies and its oleanders. But the coral sea-garden, seen through the glass-bottomed steamboat, an improvement on the glass-bottomed rowboats of Catalina in southern California, are in bloom in all seasons. Nature masses these corals in garden beds. They are architectural bouquets of graceful forms and beautifully harmonizing colors. Bermuda is a playground for the winds; but they are free from the iciness and the dust of American winds. It is at once the balmiest and the cleanest land I have ever visited. As there are no fires in the houses except for cooking, there is no smoke in the clear air and no coal dust and ashes in the rooms. The coral roads are almost absolutely dustless. One can drive last in a procession of carriages and be as free from dust as the leader of the procession. And we have had a fair trial of its cleanliness, for we are here in a drought, and the islanders are in apprehension of a water famine.

The island of Bermuda is really a series of closely connected islands in a shape roughly resembling that of an old-fashioned skate with a high curving runner. At the point of this curved runner is the British dock-yard. The curve of the runner and the toe of the skate inclose the Great Sound, the outer bay of Hamilton; at the instep is Hamilton, the capital and now the chief port; at the heel is St. George, the oldest town, and possibly yet to become the chief commercial port, for its harbor is for two reasons superior to that of Hamilton—it is larger and it is easier of access from the sea—or would be if an adequate channel were once made by clearing out the obstructing rocks. It is a saying here that Hamilton has a good channel but no harbor, and St. George has a good harbor but no channel. As a harbor is useless if you cannot get into it, Hamilton now has the advantage; as it is easier to make a good channel out of a poor one than a large harbor out of a small one, the hopes of St. George are not without reason. A steam dredge is contracted for, to be delivered next summer, which is both to widen the channel at Hamilton and deepen the channel at St. George. The rivalry between the two towns for precedence is an interesting feature of present-day life in Bermuda.

The white population, which dominates the island in every way—politically, socially, and commercially—is almost exclusively English in its origin; but Negroes constitute more than half the permanent population. Among them are many mulattoes, but, while I believe marriage between white and colored is not forbidden by law, it is said to be very infrequent, and the impression which a transient visitor gets is that the purity of both races has been better guarded in Bermuda than it was under slavery in our Southern States, and much better than in the Spanish West

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Indies. As a consequence there is no mongrel population; some poverty of course, but no apparent degradation. The Negro homes are incomparably better-looking than the shacks one sees in Porto Rico or Trinidad, or the one-roomed cabins of which there are many in our own States. The general appearance to the passer-by is one of comfort and thrift. The carriages are generally driven, and often owned, by Negroes, who are guides as well as drivers, and more intelligent than the average guide of a similar class one meets with in European countries. Our driver, for example, could tell us, in answer to questions, the name of nearly every tree, plant, and flower, and of every song-bird, we met in our drives. As in our Southern States, the races generally worship in separate churches, and the children are educated in separate schools. In these respects the experience of Bermuda parallels and confirms that of our own country. In other ways, too, we are reminded of our Southern States, for cordial hospitality greets the stranger on every hand, and far and near, from our host to our last-met friend, one and all seem anxious that we should have the best of times and the greatest of comfort. We instinctively felt a certain likeness in this respect between Bermuda and Virginia, and were not surprised to be reminded that both were settled about the same time and by the same type of colonists.

Hamilton is a modern city of hotels, big and little, boarding-houses, and shops. On steamer days it is thronged with tourists. As the white population of Bermuda is said to be five thousand, and the tourist population between October 1 and March 1 is said to have been this year eight thousand, and as practically all the tourists land at Hamilton and many of them stop there, it may be imagined that the tourists are much in evidence. Hamilton is the center for excursions by boat and carriage, the place to stop in if one wishes to be in the crowd and see what the crowd sees. St. George is a quaint old city of white walls inclosing hidden gardens; of narrow lanes without sidewalks; and of steep hills, or, to speak accurately, one steep hill. Dropped into St. George suddenly, one might easily imagine himself in an old English coast town. Midway between Hamilton and St. George is Harrington Sound, a body of salt water two miles long and a mile and a half wide, connected with the ocean by a narrow passage. This sound is surrounded with wooded hills from among whose evergreen trees white cottages peep out, glistening in the sun, and it would have all the effect of an Adirondack lake but for the absence of mountain peaks. The highest hill in Bermuda is reported to be less than three hundred feet high, though, rising almost directly from the sea, the hills produce scenically the effect of a greater height. There are rocks and cliffs here which, in miniature, quite forcibly suggest the coast of north Devon in England.

On the shore of this salt-water lake we have made our temporary home. A walk of a mile and a half in either direction brings us to the seacoast—on the one side the north shore, on the other side the south shore. We are in the country, off the highway, and the only evidence of the eight thousand tourists is found in the occasional carriages rolling by. Here is what we came for—quiet and rest. But if Captain Combes succeeds in his plans, Harrington Sound will also become in a year or two a center for a new class of tourists. Captain Combes is a retired ship captain and an enthusiastic fisherman. He has conceived the idea of putting a wire netting at the entrance to the sound, establishing a hatchery, and converting the sound into what he assures me will be the only salt-water fish preserve in the world. I am not expert enough to judge whether his plan, which has encountered some strong opposition, is practicable; but he has secured the passage by unanimous vote through the lower legislative house of an act appropriating a thousand pounds for the purpose of constructing such a fishery preserve, and it has the approval of the Governor and has been ratified by the Council, and the necessary steps have been taken to initiate the enterprise. If the experiment proves successful, the result will be that in a few years the shores of the sound will be covered with camps and cottages, and its waters with rod and reel fishermen. The

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captain tells me that the International Fishery Congress held at Washington, D. C., in 1909, reported that in the previous year 338,000 rod and reel fishermen visited California, Florida, and Canada in pursuit of their favorite sport; and he estimates that if one-half of one per cent of these sportsmen—that is, if fifteen hundred of them—come to Bermuda to this preserve, it will add a new industry of no inconsiderable proportions to the island. If he is right, they will certainly create an abundant home market for the Bermuda gardeners, and Bermuda potatoes will become a rarer luxury in the New York market.

Bermuda is not without its romance. Orthodoxy is largely a matter of locality. Elsewhere it is orthodox to believe with Lowell that the island of Shakespeare's "Tempest" is "at once nowhere and anywhere—for it is in the soul of man;" but in Bermuda it is orthodox to believe with Thomas Moore that this island "is the scene of Shakespeare's 'Tempest,' and that here he conjured up the delicate Ariel." Was not Governor Somers wrecked on this island shortly before the drama was written, and had not the news of that shipwreck created great popular interest, not to say excitement, in England? Does Shakespeare not refer to winds in general, and the southwest wind in particular? And is not Bermuda pre-eminently the windy isle? Does not Prospero say that he has "pluckt up the Pyne and Cedar," and are not pine and cedar the chief woods of this wooded isle? Does not Ariel sing, "Of his bones are coral made," and is not Bermuda reefed about with coral? Does not Stephano find for his store of wine "a cellar in a rock by the seaside," and are not caves, extending far below not only the surface of the ground but even the surface of the sea, a characteristic of Bermuda? What more probable than that Caliban was suggested by the pirates and the wreckers which in Shakespeare's time infested the island? And, finally, does not Shakespeare distinctly refer in one line to "the still-vexed Bermoothes"? What more would you have? These accumulative arguments are quite as strong as some that have been used to prove that Lord Bacon wrote the Shakespeare dramas. At all events, the caves are there, and wonderful "cellars" they are. There are seven or eight of them which have been opened, lighted, and made easily accessible to visitors. One you reach by a flight of a hundred and fifty steps, and traverse its watery floor by means of an ingeniously constructed pontoon bridge. Another opens directly upon the land, and you sail through it in a boat. In still another the stalactites hanging down from above and the stalagmites growing up from below have met and made pillars seeming to support the roof and giving the cave a cathedral-like effect. No one has truly seen Bermuda who has not seen one or more of these caves, for Nature is lavish with her beauties and has stored some of the most exquisite of her art treasures in these underground compartments.

There are the usual recreative employments for restless tourists who are unable to get rid of the American fever and must be always doing something. There is some sailing in the harbor, though not so much as I would have anticipated. There are several steamboat excursions, including one semi-ocean trip from St. George to Hamilton, one among the islands of the Great Sound, one to the Aquarium, which, though not as large as that of New York, is said to be biologically interesting, and one to the coral sea-gardens, to be looked at through a glass-bottomed boat. The coral roads furnish an admirable opportunity for bicyclists. There are carriages enough apparently for all the eight thousand tourists and some to spare, and a great variety of truly beautiful drives. There are interesting old churches to visit, one of them said to date from the early part of the seventeenth century. There are athletic sports and a Bermuda Derby, at which we saw less evidence of gambling than is sometimes to be seen in a church fair. And there is what the Careless Traveler cares for most of all, a chance for quiet reflection. Why should we be always pursuing? Why not sometimes be still and let thoughts come to us? For to the quiet and hospitable mind thoughts often come that cannot be caught by a hunting expedition.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

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THE PRAYER FOR PEACE

BY ALFRED NOYES[1]

"Unless public opinion can rise to the height of discussing President Taft's suggestion as a great world-movement, it cannot be carried out."

. . . . . .

"Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

I

Dare we—though our hope deferred
Left us faithless long ago—
Dare we let our hearts be stirred,
Lift them to the light and *know*,
Cast away our cynic shields,
Break the sword that Mockery wields,
Know that Truth indeed prevails,
And that Justice holds the scales?
Britain, kneel!
Kneel, Imperial Commonweal!

II

Dare we know that this great hour,
Dawning on thy long renown,
Marks the purpose of thy power,
Crowns thee with a mightier crown,
Know that to this purpose climb
All the blood-red wars of Time?
If indeed thou *hast* a goal
Beaconing to thy warrior soul,
Britain, kneel!
Kneel, Imperial Commonweal!

III

Dare we know what every age
Writes with an unerring hand,
Read the midnight's moving page,
Read the stars and understand,—
Out of Chaos ye shall draw
Linkèd harmonies of Law,
Till around the Eternal Sun
All your peoples move in one?
Britain, kneel!
Kneel, Imperial Commonweal!

IV

Dare we know that wearied eyes
Dimmed with dust of every day
Can, once more, desire the skies
And the glorious upward way?
Dare we, if the Truth should still
Vex with doubt our alien will,
Take it to our Maker's throne,
Let Him speak with us alone?
Britain, kneel!
Kneel, Imperial Commonweal!

V

Dare we cast our pride away?
Dare we tread where Lincoln trod?
All the Future, by this day,
Waits to judge us and our God!
Set the struggling peoples free!
Crown with Law their Liberty!
Proud with an immortal pride,
Kneel we at our Sister's side!
Britain, kneel!
Kneel, Imperial Commonweal!

[1] Alfred Noyes, the author of these lines, is one of the best known of the younger English poets. He was born in Staffordshire, his mother the daughter of an officer of the United States army. He studied at Exeter College, Oxford; and his verse has appeared in many of the leading English and American magazines. He is the author of ten or twelve volumes of poetry. Selections from his works were published in a single volume in this country by the Macmillan Company several years ago.—THE EDITORS.

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THE FACTORY GIRL'S DANGER

BY MIRIAM FINN SCOTT

ON Friday evening, March 24, two young sisters walked down the stairways from the ninth floor where they were employed and joined the horde of workers that nightly surges homeward into New York's East Side. Since eight o'clock they had been bending over shirt-waists of silk and lace, tensely guiding the valuable fabrics through their swift machines, with hundreds of power-driven machines whirring madly about them; and now the two were very weary, and were filled with that despondency which comes after a day of exhausting routine, when the next day, and the next week, and the next year, hold promise of nothing better than just this same monotonous strain.

They were moodily silent when they sat down to supper in the three-room tenement apartment where they boarded. At last their landlady (who told me of that evening's talk, indelibly stamped upon her mind) inquired if they were feeling unwell.

"Oh, I wish we could quit the shop!" burst out Becky, the younger sister, aged eighteen. "That place is going to kill us some day."

"What's the matter?" asked the landlady.

"It's worse than it was before the strike, a year ago," bitterly said Gussie, the older. "The boss squeezes us at every point, and drives us to the limit. He carries us up in elevators of mornings, so we won't lose a second in getting started; but at night, when we're tired and the boss has got all out of us he wants for that day, he makes us walk down. At eight o'clock he shuts the doors, so that if you come even a minute late you can't get in till noon, and so lose half a day; he does that to make sure that every person gets there on time or ahead of time. He fines us for every little thing; he always holds back a week's wages to be sure that he can be able to collect for damages he says we do, and to keep us from leaving; and every evening he searches our pocketbooks and bags to see that we don't carry any goods or trimmings away. Oh, you would think you are in Russia again!"

"That's all true; but what worries me most is a fire," said Becky, with a shiver. "Since that factory fire in Newark where so many giris were burnt up there's not a day when I don't wonder what would happen if a fire started in our shop."

"But you could get out, couldn't you?" asked the landlady.

"Some of us might," grimly said Gussie, who had been through last year's strike, and still felt the bitterness of that long struggle. "What chance would we have? Between me and the doors there are solid rows on rows of machines. Think of all of us hundreds of girls trying to get across those machines to the doors. You see what chance we have!"

"Girls, you must leave that place!" cried the landlady. "You must find new jobs!"

"How am I going to find a new job?" demanded Gussie. "If I take a day off to hunt a job, the boss will fire me. I might be out of work for weeks, and I can't afford that. Besides, if I found a new job, it wouldn't be any better. All the bosses drive you the same way, and our shop is as safe as any, and safer than some. No, we've got to keep on working, no matter what the danger. It's work or starve. That's all there is to it."

The next morning the two sisters joined their six hundred fellow-workers at the close-packed, swift machines. All day they bent over endless shirt-waists. Evening came; a few more minutes and they would have been dismissed, when there was a sudden frantic cry of "Fire!"—and what happened next all the country knows, for it was in the Triangle Shirt-Waist Factory that Becky and Gussie Kappelman worked. The fire flashed through the eighth, ninth, and tenth floors of the great building like a train of powder; girls were driven to leap wildly, their clothes afire, from the lofty windows; and in a few brief moments after the first cry one hundred and forty-three workers, the vast majority young girls, were charred

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bodies heaped up behind doors they had vainly tried to beat down, or were unrecognizable pulp upon the street far below.

And as for Gussie and Becky, who had gone to work that fatal day knowing their danger, as all the workers knew it, but helpless in their necessity—what of them? Gussie was one of those who met a horrible death. Becky, in some way unknown to herself, was carried down an elevator, and to-day lies in a hospital, an arm and a leg broken and her head badly bruised. Frequently the young girl calls for her older sister, but her condition is too precarious for her to stand the shock of the awful truth, and the nurses have told her that Gussie is injured in another hospital. And so Becky lies in the white cot waiting until her wounds and Gussie's shall have healed and they can again be together.

Conservatives, liberals, radicals, of all shades and intensity, are agreed in denouncing the criminal indifference that is shown to the murderous conditions in which men, women, girls, and mere children are compelled to earn their bread. The Triangle disaster has revealed an appalling state of affairs that exists throughout the factory district of New York City, and that presumably exists in varying degrees of badness in other cities. From the standpoint of the safety of the workers, everything was wrong. And yet it is hard to single out one person or institution and say that there belongs the blame. The proprietors of the Triangle Company were violating no law, and were but following the instincts and practices common among manufacturers in their trade. The inspection of the Building Department has been inadequate and loose, and ugly stories of "graft" have been set afloat. The ultimate blame must be traced back to the inadequate building laws, and thence to an indifferent or unawakened public that allowed such laws to be passed and to continue in existence. The huge modern factory buildings of New York City are what is called "fireproof;" such construction is safest to the builder and secures him a lower rate of insurance than would non-fireproof construction. The building in which the Triangle fire took place is as sound as ever; outwardly it bears few signs of fire, and doubtless the comparatively trivial property loss was covered by insurance. The great impulse that brought the present New York laws into existence was the safety of the dollar and the best profit upon it. The safety of the hundreds of thousands of workers, their possible terrible deaths, the widespreading tragedies that death would bring upon the workers' families and loved ones—such things were given hardly a thought against the mightier dollar.

The tragedies that such tragedies bring upon loved ones! Two days after the fire I was in an East Side street that was a street of funerals. It was crowded with sobbing men and women; children wept with their parents; even little babies must have felt the bitter sorrow, for they clung tightly to their shawled mothers in an agony of terror. Among the poverty-stricken funeral cortèges was a hearse containing a rough pine box, and behind the hearse was carried a Jewish wedding canopy, all of black—and here I learned the story of another Becky and her Jacob.

Becky Kessler was out on strike for sixteen weeks last year against the Triangle Company, and was among the most valiant of those who struggled for safer and fairer conditions. She picketed about the shop morning and night, in cold and rain; she suffered outrageous treatment from the police; she was three times arrested. When the strike of the forty thousand shirt-waist workers was settled, the Triangle was one of the few big shops that did not sign the union agreement, though in order to get its workers back it made a verbal promise to maintain union conditions—which promise, by the way, it very quickly forgot. Becky did not want to return, but she was penniless, she was half starved, she owed her kind landlady for four months' lodging, she had an old father in Russia dependent upon her wages; and so, after her sixteen weeks' fight, she was driven by the terrible necessity into her old position, and upon terms and conditions dictated by the company.

The Triangle firm had two systems of payment, piece-work and a fixed weekly wage, and it imposed upon each employee whichever method of payment it preferred. Becky was a swift and clever worker; in the busy season, working at the piece-

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work scale, she could make from eighteen to twenty dollars a week. The Triangle Company, seeing how quick she was, with sharp business sense, changed her from piece-work to a weekly wage, and managed to get the same amount of work out of her for half the money. In the case of slow workers the reverse of this process was practiced—they were not given a regular weekly wage, but were put upon piece-work. But, though working at half her real value, Becky kept on. Out of her week's earnings she kept one dollar with which to cover her car-fares, breakfasts, and lunches, and the rest she divided between her debts and her father.

Her great sustaining hope was that she was soon to be married. Her life with Jacob would be one of poverty, to be sure, but she would be free from the grind of the shop. Toward the end of winter Jacob begged her to give up work and take a rest before their marriage, which was drawing very near; she needed a rest, he insisted, for she was sadly worn from hunger and exposure when she had gone back to the shop, and the strain of her hard, tense work had given her no chance to recover. But she refused. She must work up to the very day of the marriage, for she must come to him with all her debts paid and with some money laid aside for her father. Besides, the marriage was now but a few weeks off. So she worked on, joyously checking off the days till the wedding day. And the end of this love's young dream was what I saw in that East Side street of funerals—an incinerated bride-to-be in a pine box, a black marriage canopy, and next in the procession a bowed, white-faced young man with streaming eyes.

How many love-dreams were blasted by that Triangle fire, God only knows. But here is a matter of cold statistics: On one floor of the Triangle shop, where they had fallen from charred fingers, were found fourteen engagement rings.

The dangers that lurk in the factory, waiting their chance, do not menace the worker alone; they strike blows, often irreparable, upon the worker's relatives. There was little Rebecca, who came from Russia two years ago at the age of sixteen. Too slight to operate a machine, she at first sewed on buttons, and later cut out the fabric underneath lace insertion, for which she was paid $6 a week. Shortly after her arrival here her father and mother died, back in Russia, leaving a boy of eight, who was taken into a neighbor's family, and a girl of thirteen. This sister Rebecca determined to send for, and she denied herself food, denied herself clothing, held tight to every penny, till at last she had scraped together enough to make the first payment on little Minnie's steerage ticket, which she bought on the installment plan.

Three months ago Minnie arrived, her only baggage the clothing upon her back. Of course Minnie had to go to work at once, but her sister-mother, Rebecca, dared not stop work even for a day to help Minnie hunt a place. So Minnie looked for herself, and in a little shop on Grand Street she found a boss sufficiently disinterested to take on a little greenhorn like herself at nothing per week. Rebecca, with two mouths to feed on her six dollars, and with the regular installments on Minnie's ticket to pay, had even less for herself than ever. She became very thin and weak; often she wished to stay away, but she dared not do so, not only because she could not afford the loss of a day's pay, but more because she feared her absence would lose her her job. The company could not stand for having one of its machines idle for a day, and thus earning nothing for them. Once she fainted at her work. She was taken to a dressing-room, was revived, and, instead of being sent home to rest, was sent directly back to her work.

She clung desperately to her strength and her job; she had to, for Minnie's sake. On Friday night before the fire she came home very ill with the grip. Her landlady urged her to stay at home for at least a day. But Rebecca would not consent to this; she said she would lose her job if she did so. All night she tossed about in fever, but the next morning she dressed herself and went weakly back to the shop.

Well—Rebecca lost her job, anyhow. She was among those who sought safety by the great building's single fire-escape that gave way, and who were found dead at its foot.

And behind there is left the little Min-

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nie, penniless, unskilled, uneducated—the foothold Rebecca was trying to aid her win not yet secured—no helpful relatives in Russia, not a friend or a relative in America—and even the price of her ticket to this country not yet entirely paid for. "If that factory had been built safe, Rebecca would have seen that Minnie got a chance," Minnie's kind-hearted but poverty-stricken landlady wailed to me. "But what is going to become of her now?"

Yes, what is going to become of her? I had to echo in dismay, knowing the dangers and temptations with which New York surrounds the ignorant, penniless, unprotected girl. What is going to become of her? Perhaps the fate that heartless factory conditions inflicted on Rebeeca is, after all, a kinder fate than that which these same factory conditions are holding in reserve for little Minnie.

Yes, the danger to the worker is not limited to the worker; it reaches out and strikes down at the very ends of the world. Esther was the main support of her old parents in Rumania, though her brother Abraham, who was also in New York, contributed all he could. She was a very skilled waist-trimmer, and when she went to work for the Triangle Company after the strike she received $12 a week. Her excellent work was noticed, and she was soon offered a place over five newly arrived Italian girls, to supervise and instruct them. This offer was presented to her in the light of a promotion, and Esther so regarded it and gladly accepted. Under Esther's instruction, the eager Italian girls made rapid progress and soon were able to do almost as good work as Esther herself; moreover, they were willing to do it for $6 and $7 a week, which to their non-Americanized standard seemed a tremendous sum. Thereupon Esther was told by the company that they could no longer pay her her old wages; she would have to accept a cut or go.

Esther already perceived that, under promise of being promoted, she had been used to train girls who would underbid her; but she was in debt after the long strike, she must send money to her parents, she dared not be out of work, so there was nothing for her but to accept the reduction.

She stayed on, lowering her own standard of living to the very minimum in order that her parents might suffer as little as possible from the cut in her wages.

Esther was paid every two weeks, and Saturday, March 25, her pay was due. On Friday evening she wrote a letter to her parents saying that she and her brother were together sending $25 for the Easter holidays; Saturday evening, after she had been paid, there would be nothing to do but buy the draft, inclose it, and mail the precious letter.

Esther was .paid, as was the custom, before her Saturday's work was quite done, but she never came home with her wages. She was among the scores who were trapped by insufficient exits, and who were crisped and blackened by the flames; her money was lost in the vain, wild rush for life. To pay for her funeral her brother used all his money—pawned all his belongings, including his overcoat, save the clothes in which he stood—borrowed from all sides. . . . And up in the tenement room which Esther shared with three other girls, in the top of her little trunk, was found the unsealed letter that was to carry her Easter present to her far-distant parents—a present that now was never to be sent.

"Won't it ever be safe for us to earn our bread!" the agonized mother of one of the victims cried out to me. And sobbingly she told me of a generation-long struggle against the dangers and oppressions of the worker. As a girl, and even after her marriage, she had been a shirtwaist-maker; she had seen the dangers from fire, from disease, from overwork, from underpayment, and she had joined in every effort to secure some betterment of conditions. Her husband was a cloakmaker, and he, too, during all his working life had thrown himself into every struggle for improvement. They had tried to save, in order that their children might have an education and not be forced into factories; but the cost of living rose faster than wages, and they had been able to lay nothing aside. Last summer came the cloak-makers' strike, and for long weeks the husband did not earn a penny. Debts piled up; their credit became exhausted; the mother would have gone back to her trade, but she was nursing a new-born

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baby. In this stress of circumstances they were forced to let their eldest child go to work—Rosie, then barely fourteen.

Rosie found a place in the Triangle factory. After the fire she did not come home. The parents searched distractedly among the burned and mangled bodies collected from, in, and about the building. Upon an unrecognizable heap of remains that had been gathered from the Belgian blocks that paved the street they found a tarnished locket, and in the locket were their own pictures. That was how they knew their child.

"For twenty years we have struggled for better conditions!" the mother burst out to me in her black bitterness of soul. "For twenty years! And what have we won? A death like Rosie's! They have made their shops better and safer for their machines and their goods, but for us workers— O my God! how long will we have to stand it? How long?"

And that mother who had fought the long fight, and now at the end of it all sat in her dark tenement kitchen, with a new life in her arms, mourning her mangled dead—that mother's anguished voice sounded in my ears as the outcry of the millions of workers: "How long must we stand this—how long? Will it never be safe for us to earn our bread?"

THE CRY OF THE WOMAN

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

Mary, Mother, hearken and heed!
  Heed thou the woman's cry!
Thou who hast seen thy Dearest bleed,
Looked on Him in His bitter need,
  Helplessly standing by!

When our children plead and moan,
When the small hands clasp our own
When to tender heart and brain
Strikes our heritage of pain,
And we strive in vain to share
All their weaker flesh must bear—
  Mary, Mother, hearken!

When they tread the pathway sore
Where our feet have toiled before;
When the stress of storm and woe
Lays their power and beauty low;
When their lives are lost and spent,
Stained with sin, and passion-rent—
  Mary, Mother, hearken!

When the tongues of strife give cry,
And our sons go out to die;
When the crucial hour must come
And the lips of love are dumb,
And the touch of love is vain
On the cold hands clenched in pain—
  Mary, Mother, hearken!

Mary, heed thou the woman's cry!
  Mother, listen and hear!
Thou who hast seen thy Dearest die,
Under the darkened noonday sky,
  Dauntlessly standing near!

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AN EASTER BLESSING

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

ELDER PERRY was very unhappy. He had a quarrel with the Lord. And to be wroth with one we love doth work like madness in the brain, we are told. All his life, he said, he had loved the Lord; he had served and honored him, had had high joy in communion with him. And the Lord had forsaken him. He had implored the life of Davy—the Lord had not listened. The laughing, lovely little creature had gone over into the dark unknown—oh, like a white butterfly fluttering in the night.

The night? The dark unknown? The Elder knew there should be nothing dark in it to him, filled as it was with the divine personality. But robbed of his child—so flagrant a violation of love—although he went on with his duties, he felt that he was living a lie.

Loss of Davy made the undercurrent of his life. It was the child's starlike eyes that he saw in the stars of the midnight blue; the petals of a rose wore the velvet of the child's cheek; music brought back the lilting tones; the stir of the poplar leaves gave him, with a sort of agony, the patter of little feet. Two tiny shoes tore his heart like the trampling of wild horses. Scraps of paper fell from his sermon book where the boy had drawn a rude head with something that meant wings, as if playing with foreknowledge of companions he was soon to have. When the first snow fell, it was only a compulsion of decency that hindered the Elder from lying down beside the little mound and shielding it with his arms. Did not his wife remember when once he spoke irritably and the child came, with his little lip trembling, and held up his arms imploringly, his blue eyes full of tears, as if begging to be forgiven for what he had not done? Could she not see him when looking up at the sky in an ecstasy as if he were only a film between him and God? It cut him to the quick that the child should be wronged of his sweet rights. Life, his life, had been given to him, and now its bright days, its struggles and victories and joys, were wrested away.

Perhaps it would have been less bitter if Davy had not died just when he was to walk in the procession of children singing "March on, Christian Soldiers." There should be no more festivals in his little meeting-house while the stars wheeled in the sky!

It was a weary winter. The spring brought him no sense of the upspringing of sod to a higher life in grass and flower. The orchards that once made the earth seem winged gave him no rapture; he saw no loveliness in the slim white birch shaking her green gauzes about her. The summer, that had seemed the visible expression of God alive in his world, was only the untended flame of a forsaken altar.

One evening, Miss Eliza Brooks—who often played the part of colleague in plain clothes—having stayed to tea, was telling of a young robin that fell from the nest last spring, Puss Pharaoh looking on, his green eyes big as blazes; and when she picked it up for its safety the parent robins had flown at her as if she were ruining their nest. It was the last straw. The exasperated Elder, quick at application, uttered a terrible word, and stalked from the room.

"Ain't that awful!" whispered Miss Eliza, breathlessly. "Mis' Perry," she added, bending over solemnly, "this goes no furder. Never— Sort of a useless word, anyways. The poor man warn't never learned to swear. You have a hard time on't, dear soul. But I guess the worm suffers some gittin' its wings."

Of course all this distressed the Elder's wife. She felt that he did not deserve to be told of the Angel of Blessing hovering over the house. At any rate, the right moment did not come for telling him. But she was a loving person. "Dear," she said, "you are not well. You must rest a while. Drop everything and go to your mother. She always helps you." And, after some murmuring, the Elder went.

His mother's house was forty miles beyond the mountains. The roundabout

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stage-coach did not suit his mood; he would go afoot. Once his knapsack and stick would have meant scrip and staff. They did not now. All was matter-of-fact. He would spend the night at Giles Gonne's cabin, and proceed next day.

The woods were ripe with color, but the Elder was blind to their glory. A high-bush blueberry, before which he would have felt as if it were the burning bush itself, was no more that day than any way-side weed. He plodded on wearily, something spent when he reached Giles Gonne's cabin, on a shelf of rock where the road wound below with a seldom wayfarer.

Giles lay on a tumultuous bed, with a burning fever. "Come in, whoever you be, an' gimme a drink o' water!" was his greeting.

"Why, Giles, you sick?" said the Elder.

"Dog-gone sick," replied the thick voice. "That you, sir? Come up 'cause I was sick? Then fetch some cold water, for God's sake!"

The Elder brought water from the spring and was presently bathing the man, smoothing the bed, and looking over his kit for the medicines that he always carried on his ministrations. "Reg'lar doctor," said Giles, feebly, "body and soul. Hev ter be. Good on ye. I do' 'no's ye know I took the dipthery to your Davy. No?"

The Elder stood still with horror.

"Gilly—now, Gilly, daddy's boy—be still," the delirium remounting. "Daddy 'll go down to Salt Water for the doctor's stuff. No medicine here, ye know. No nothin' here! Lock's kind o' rusty. Guess I'll look back an' see if he's stirrin'. No—he don't sense nothin'. Poor Gilly—never did sense thin's. Oh, gimme some water, some col' tea, quick, I'm burnin' up alive! So was Gilly, poor lamb! Wal, wal," he said presently, tossing off the clothes, "it's a footsore way. I'm pretty well torn up, Mis' Perry, a-tumblin' an' a-stumblin' in bush an' brier," he cried, after a moment, falling back. "Oh, that'll be good, ma'am, ef ye can spare it. I won't hev to go on, then. It's a stretch to Salt Water, even ef I got a lift. An' time's money. Time's life an' death! That your boy? Davy his name? Come here, little lad, let me heft ye. Light's a feather. Gimme a kiss for Gilly and I'll let ye go. Got the face of an angel. Says his prayers? Tell him to pray fer Gilly—oh, poor Gilly! Blame these briers! There's that log acrost the way ag'in'! That's a nasty fall—ain't broke nothin', hev I? Make haste, oh, make haste! There's the door—where's the key? Oh, yes, here. Gilly! Gee, but it's dark! Gilly! Oh, my God, Gilly's dead!" And then came brief stupor.

So that was the way the infection came to Davy? This man's action had killed his boy. But it was hardly a conscious thought. No idea of good to them that despitefully use you followed. The Elder sprang to the help of one who needed him. As soon as he had cooled the fever ever so slightly he milked the cow and gathered the eggs, had Giles drink the warm milk, and made his own supper ready. Then he sponged off the patient again and prepared for the night.

There were three nights without sleep, except for a nap caught standing—terrible nights, with raving and profanity that made the Elder's heart stop beating. "I never knew you swore, Giles," he said, in spite of himself.

"Didn't ye?" said Giles. "Then you hear me now." And the Elder's blood ran cold.

"Where is your wife, Giles?" he asked in a lucid moment.

"I know where she'd orter be," cried Giles. "Buyin' ribbons fer a dance, an' Gilly sick then!"

"But she has been home since?"

"Off an' on she ain't." And after a moment, "Gol darn her, she knowed I can't read writin'!" And the air became so blue the Elder had to go out for a breath of the blowing north wind.

The raving went on, shrill and incoherent, growing faint, till at last came deep sleep. And then the Elder was on his knees praying with all his might for Giles's salvation.

Giles slept through the night and late the next day. The fever was gone, his strength gone too. "Elder," he whispered faintly, as the Elder went to give him nourishment, "do idiot boys have souls?"

"Of course they do. That is—" began the surprised Elder.

"Wal, if Gilly had a soul, he's somewheres where I must go an' take care on

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him. They won't separate him an' me, Elder?" looking up with piteous, wan eyes.

"They can't," said the Elder. "What belongs to you, you will have." And then a sudden inner light flashed blindingly upon the Elder.

"I heern ye prayin' fer my soul. So I guess I'm safe to go fer Gilly. I'd like —ter see Gilly with his soul showin'."

And that was all. The Elder labored with stimulants, and whey, and many a wrestling prayer. But Giles slipped out of life as if the tide down at the great river mouth ebbing out to sea drew the soul with it.

With his capable hands the Elder did what was necessary. Then he read "The Lord is my Shepherd," if perfunctorily, and sang his customary psalm, and offered his petition, and trod down the sod. And he packed his small kit again and was ready to be off.

It was just then that a peddler's cart came along below and left a woman whom he recognized as Mrs. Gonne, who, loaded with boxes, climbed the path and went into the house. She came out again presently.

"Where's Mr. Gonne?" she demanded.

The Elder pointed at the resting-place.

"Oh, my goodness! Both on 'em!" she cried. "An' me here all alone! An' I gotter to go an' buy black! Hev you smoked out?" she asked suddenly. "You needn't to look at me that way. I went off so's not to ketch it, and it 'd be redic'lous ef I come back an' ketched it, arter all!"

"You would deserve it," said the Elder.

"I'd liketer know who you be ter talk so to a widder that's jes' laid away her only husband an' her child!" she declared. "Ef you ever lost—you'd orter sense how I'm feelin' ef you ever buried a boy!"

To compare that idiot boy and his own heavenly child! The Elder's wrath ran high. "Woman!" he roared, but stopped, remembering that Gilly, free among the dead, might now be all that Davy was.

"You needn't 'woman' me!" exclaimed Mrs. Gonne. "I'm no more woman 'n other folks be! Oh, that empty cheer! Oh!" she said, looking up with her pale, wide-open eyes. "It brings you dretfle near the black outside. I'm scairt mos' to death! Oh, say—I know I done wrong. But there's wus folks 'n me. I was made kind o' light. P'r'aps we ain't all born with souls. Giles said his'n come to him; it come with a buzz. P'r'aps I hedn't no soul ter give Gilly. He looked at me reproachful like till I hatter skip. I ain't took thin's in yet. But don't you leave me here! Jes' think o' me here awake in the dark night. I'd go deestracted. Say, do you b'lieve in hell?"

"Hell," said the Elder, feeling as if he had met the Scarlet Lady in person, "hell is absence from God."

She stared at him a moment. "Then I've been there all my life!" she said. And in the instant the Elder felt that since Davy's death he had been there, too.

Directly afterward he forgot himself—here was work for him. "I'm going on down to my mother's," he said. "Mrs. Perry, in the Byways. If you like, you can come with me."

"Mis' Perry. I'm knowin' to her. Her speckle hen laid away oncet, an' Mis' Perry wouldn't shet her in, cause the hen'd be feelin' bad about the eggs out there. Be you her son? Be you Elder Perry? I heern tell on ye. No, no," she said, retreating, "I guess I'd ruther stay here."

"You will come with me," said the Elder. "God forgive me for doubting it, but, if you haven't a soul, my mother will put one into you."

"I—I do' no' ef I want one."

"I do," said the Elder. "Come. I am in the habit of being obeyed," he added, sternly.

She went into the house, and, opening one of her boxes, took from a hat a bunch of impossible roses, went over and divided them between the two mounds, securing them with some stones; and then, having made a small parcel, as if she must not break the Elder's habit of being obeyed, she followed him down.

It was noon of the last November day, the air full of lingering Indian summer balsams, hoar-frosts overlying the hollows, and purple hazes hanging round the hills. To the Elder, lost in thought, the beauty passed like a phantom. They stopped at a racing brook to drink from the Elder's folding cup. "Lord! Elder," said Mrs. Gonne, "ain't you got nothin' stronger'n that?"

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In days before his quarrel this traversing of woodland ways would have been the Elder's joy. He would have seen the heavenly hand in every bud pushing off the dead leaf. In every withering tassel of barberries he would have seen provision for the birds; with every bank of drifting mist reaching the sun and smitten with white glory he would have sung, "The clouds in heaven praise Thee!" But here he was blind to beauty, robbed of his old happiness, walking in company with what seemed the sin of the world incarnate.

As they neared the village a dog ran out; he was caught by his master. "The old feller flies out at ye every time he sees ye," said the man.

"I hurt him once without meaning to. Yes, he flies out, but I forgive him," said the Elder, good-humoredly.

"The dog ain't forgive," said Mrs. Gonne.

Something smote the Elder like a lash. "Am I a dog that I should do this thing?" he cried.

The Elder's mother was as well versed in old ballads as in old hymns.

> "I've been in the wild-wood, mother; make my bed soon,
> For I'm sick at the heart and I fain would lie doun,"

she remembered, when her son asked to go to his old room. It had seemed to the Elder that not only every bone in his body ached, but his soul itself. "It's only a little," she said.

"It's the little things that count," said her son, bitterly. "An idiot boy, a dog!"

She sat down beside him while Mrs. Gonne in the kitchen, having declared she would as soon sing hymns as love songs—unwitting that she was to sing them there the rest of her life—was singing the only one she knew, in a way to make the cat's back stand up straight. And then, after the old custom, the son told his mother all.

"Giles had done you a deadly wrong, you felt," said the mother. "Through him you lost your boy. Yet you tended him, you comforted him, you did not spare yourself. He was thirsty and you gave him drink, he was hungered and you fed him. Do you think God is less good than you?" And with other words, gentle and maybe wise, she brought him rest as since time began has been the way of mothers.

She used no more arguments. Perhaps she could not have done so, anyway. But Miss Eliza, some time before, had taken the stage-coach to visit an acquaintance, and had slipped over in her friend's chaise to see the Elder's mother, whom she knew. "So, you see," she said, having told her story, "that 'tain't no use a-firin' off argymence. It ain't wuth yer breath to be a-tellin' him the 'arth warn't good enough fer Davy, or that he's the father of an angel. He'd on'y want ter fly away inter some other climax an' be at rest from ye. Fact is, he's got a quar'l with the Lord, an' he's all nervoused up like a clock that's wound too tight. You gotter help him run down. He's a prophet to the soul if ever there was one; but I s'pose prophets are made of dust, an' go back to it, and shed consid'able along the way. His wife was right—"

"She always is," said the mother.

"She said you'd fix him up. I guess the Lord knowed what he was about w'en he made mothers. Elder was tellin' us an old story of somebuddy in a fight, an' every time he fell on mother-'arth he got fresh strength from her. Don't seem exac'ly even that Pharaoh should be all I— But I won't complain. Pharaoh's very companionable. Wal, I thought I'd let ye know how the land laid. Snow's held off late. Unfortun't' fer the grass. But natur' ushully makes thin's right in the long run."

Nature does—in her own time. The Elder had thought that a couple of weeks in his old room under the eaves, where the snow filtered over his coverlet, of being a boy again, thinking no thoughts, feeling no cares, a couple of weeks of his mother's daily life and conversation, of the healing of her hand, would bring back all the fresher currents of life. But, being made of dust, as Miss Eliza said, he did not escape the effect of wind and weather on dust, the effect of his experience and exposure, and a raging fever came to burn the dross out of him, and its consequent weakness held him housed for many weeks. The Conference supplied his place for the time, as Miss Eliza asked them. But one night the Elder waked to see the day-star shining in the east like a risen spirit. "'Canst thou bind the sweet influences of

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the Pleiades?'" he said to himself. And when the light in his mother's eyes shone upon his face, "'I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you,'" he said again.

The bells of the stage which brought the Elder back by the main road—the wild-wood way being still deep with the early April snow—rang all the time with the tune,

"Traveler, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!"

They passed many lonely dwellings where happy children ran to the windows, or where they trimmed some little church with Easter lilies. He left the conveyance at the foot of the hill and went over to the old burying-ground. The trees there, as he passed, shed over him showers of sifted silver. Davy was not there. The great fir-tree swayed in the wind and stretched a dark and soft protecting bough across the low bed. The full paschal moon hung above, balanced on broad wings of light, like a brooding mother.

The Elder went up the hill. There were lights about the house, and a murmur of voices as he opened the door. Miss Eliza met him with a joyful outcry. "Would you take care of this?" he asked, handing her the pot of Easter lilies he had brought from his mother's.

"Cert'in," she said. "An' you'll find an Easter gift in there better'n lilies or burnt off'rin's," she added, closing the door of his wife's room behind him.

That his wife should be in bed and ill was grievous; but his exaltation almost put that fact out of sight. His heart was too full even for the customary greetings. "Ellen," he whispered, bending over the pillow, "it is all over. I have no more quarrel with the Lord. It is Easter—the Lord has risen—he has risen in my heart. God has forgiven me."

"And have you forgiven God?" she sighed.

"I have given him Davy," he said. "My soul and your soul."

"And your little daughter's soul, then," said his wife, drawing down an edge of flannel, and showing the tiny being asleep beside her.

The Elder fell on his knees, hiding his face in the bed. "His mercy endureth forever!" he half sobbed.

His wife lifted her hand and laid it on his head. "The child's name," she said, with an indescribable accent of joy in her tone, "the child's name is Peace."

AS IT SEEMED

BY GEORGIA DAVIES

It seemed I stood upon a traveled road;
Thousands of pilgrims had passed by that way,
And others still were passing. As I looked
I noticed by the wayside lifeless shapes—
Like worn-out garments they were thrown aside—
Then, turning to the one who was my guide,
I asked the meaning of the thing I saw.
He answered: "Some are creeds outgrown, and some
Are cast-off thoughts, and some are forms that fettered,
Doctrines that galled, or the soul's cradle-clothes."
Then there came a band of eager pilgrims,
Who, passing where we stood, seized on the garb
Cast off by others. One I saw array
Himself in an old thought and say, "Mine own!"
Another grasped an outworn creed and cried,
"A new creed! I, its prophet!" Some there were
Who fastened on old fetters. As I mused,
Burdened they passed from sight.

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CROSS-LIGHTS AND COUNTER-CLAIMS

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN

THE FOURTH OF FIVE ARTICLES BY DR. GLADDEN DEALING WITH PROBLEMS OF LABOR AND CAPITAL

IN this article I wish to deal with a variety of conflicting phases and aspects of the labor question in which partial notions are involved and by which misleading judgments are given currency. In any conflict of ideas or policies the partisans on either side are apt to discern with great clearness the evil consequences which would follow if the policy of their antagonists were carried to extremes, and to assume that this is what is likely to happen. Neither party, however, is likely to follow its own policies to extreme conclusions, or is willing to admit that such a thing is possible. Each party sees the best possibilities in its own programme and the worst in that of its opponents. It would be well to reverse this method now and then; we should get a better perspective.

The employers who are fighting the unions have before their minds vivid pictures of the confusion and ruin which would ensue if the cause of unionism should prevail. If all the industries were unionized, and if the worst practices of the unions should become universal, the injury to business, say the employers, would be deadly. With such power to enforce their demands, the tyranny of the unions would become intolerable. The capitalist employer would lose all control of his business; rules would be made which would cripple production; no manufacturer could be certain, if he made a contract, that he would be able to keep it; profits would be so reduced by the constantly rising rate of wages that there would be no adequate reward for business enterprise; the value of costly buildings and machinery would be constantly depreciated; the cost of production would be so enhanced that prices would rise to a point at which consumption would be curtailed, and this, in turn, would check production; from industries under this ban capital would be withdrawn as rapidly as possible, and the communities thus afflicted would be depopulated.

This is a picture which the anti-unionist is fond of drawing. It is generally overdrawn; but it is well for the unionist to take a good look at it. There is in it enough verisimilitude to give him food for serious thought. It may suggest to him that if he should have his way about everything he might produce a condition of things in which it would not be possible for him to live. That is not a rare achievement. The ancient sport of killing the goose that lays the golden egg has many votaries in modern times.

There is no question but that unions have sometimes carried their exactions so far as to cripple industries and paralyze the growth of communities. Instances are constantly cited by anti-unionists; I will not mention them, but credible reports warrant the belief that in several American communities unionism has become a public injury; by its greedy aggressions it has destroyed the enterprises it undertook to regulate, and proved itself to be an unsocial force. It is well for all unionists to keep these possibilities steadily before their minds.

There is another picture, however, which intelligent unionists are more in the habit of contemplating. That is the picture of the industrial community in modern times from which unionism has been forcibly excluded. We have had glimpses of these conditions in a previous article, and they are not reassuring. What happened in England in the second quarter of the nineteenth century is sure to happen anywhere, under the large system of industry, if the working classes fail to unite for their own protection. Greed is as merciless as the grave and as blind as fate; it overrides and tramples on all humane considerations; it makes the bodies and souls of men its prey. The fate of the working class, unorganized, in contact with the great aggregations of capital is not an obscure augury. The pressure of competition forces the labor market downward; the cost of production must be

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reduced at every point, and labor, unorganized, furnishes the line of least resistance. Benevolent wishes on the part of conscientious individual employers count for little. "What would you do?" is the employer's confident demand. "What right have I to raise wages? Here are hundreds of men knocking at my gates who are willing to do my work for what I am now paying, or even for less. They need the work. Why should I not give it to them? Is there any better regulator of wages than the law of supply and demand?" Such reasoning steadily and fatally lessens the wage and lengthens the working day, till you find unorganized laborers even to-day, in the biggest corporations that the world has ever seen, working twelve hours a day and seven days in a week for a compensation that barely keeps body and soul together.

It is palpable, of course, that such a policy must result in the deterioration of the working force. The standard of living goes down and the efficiency of labor goes down with it, so that it is not long before the low wages buy less work than the high wages bought, and the cost of production is greater than it was with the well-paid labor. What is more, the great mass of the consumers are wage-workers, and when their compensation is cut down they have less to spend, and the demand for the products of labor is reduced, and trade stagnates, and orders fall off at the mills and the factories, and the wheels stop, and the starving laborers stand idle in the market-place because no man will hire them.

In communities as intelligent as ours such conditions breed discontent, which bodes ill to the peace of the State. So long as workingmen have reason to believe that they may be able to maintain their rights by combination they are apt to give a wide berth to revolutionary agitators; but when it becomes evident that this resource is failing them, the propagandists of a new order find them accessible. I have heard many bitter words spoken during the last summer in my own city, not by strikers, but by workingmen who saw in the concerted and determined efforts made by the power-holding classes to crush the strike the evidence that no resource was left to them but social revolution. The strike was crushed in October, and the Socialist vote in November was increased one thousand per cent.

Now, this is the panorama on which the employing classes may usefully fasten their gaze. They can see very distinctly what is likely to happen if unionism prevails and the unsocial tendencies of the unions are triumphant; they do not, as a rule, give any careful attention to the consequences which are sure to flow from the triumph of their own programme. Indeed, they are quite as blind to these issues as the unions are to the industrial paralysis which their own aggressions are threatening. The feudalism which these employers seek to establish would bring lean economic returns; the path to prosperity is not through the degradation of labor. Considering their own interests, their policy is just as suicidal as that of the aggressive labor unions. Nothing worse could happen to them than to succeed in their efforts to abolish the unions.

It would be a calamity to the State if either of these contending policies should win a complete victory. The subjugation of labor by capital or of capital by labor would mean, of course, the downfall of the present industrial order and an industrial revolution much more sweeping than any that has yet occurred in history. Such an overturning would be an unspeakable disaster. That a healthy evolution will carry us in the direction of the collective ownership of capital is altogether probable; but precipitation into that régime, with our present moral and social outfit, would result in terrible losses to civilization. It is, above all things, needful that we make haste slowly in that direction, and the kind of industrial democracy which is furnished by the frank recognition of organized labor and friendly co-operation with it affords to both classes just the kind of education which is needed to prepare us for those larger co-operations which are, no doubt, in store for us. Along that road we may go peacefully and prosperously toward the industrial commonwealth of the future. If that road is blocked, the path leads over a precipice.

What is needed, therefore, is a serious consideration by each of these contending parties of the consequences which are likely to follow from pushing its own

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policy to extremes, and a resolute purpose to guard against those excesses. No unionist is in a position to demand the recognition of his union till he has pruned it of those harsh features which naturally exasperate the employer; till it has shown that it has no use for violence or lawlessness; that it does not mean to embarrass production by petty restrictions; that it intends to keep all its contracts to the letter, to maintain high standards of fidelity and efficiency, and to give a fair day's work for a fair day's wages. Unions which maintain such a character as this will find it less difficult to obtain recognition.

On the other hand, no employer is in a position to demand that his men shall maintain this high standard of industrial ethics so long as he denies to them the primary right of uniting for the protection of their own interests, and insists on treating such unions as outlaws and enemies. The injustice of this act is so flagrant that he has no right to complain of any misconduct on the part of his men. And no gratuities or benevolences that he may practice toward them will atone for this denial of their rights. When their rights are fully recognized and he is ready to meet them on such a platform of equality as collective bargaining provides, he will find them much less disposed to resort to those extreme measures of which he now complains.

I come now to speak of one or two matters which may seem of slight importance, but which deserve some serious attention.

Not a little mischief is done by the indulgence of undiscriminating and intemperate speech on both sides of this controversy. The labor press often makes use of very ungentle terms in describing the acts and judging the motives of the employing class. Some of the employers deserve these hot words, but not all of them; there are many among them who are sincerely desirous of finding a just solution of all these problems. Sweeping denunciations of the capitalist class are not only unfair, they are highly impolitic. They tend to alienate friends whose support would be valuable to the cause of unionism.

On the other hand, I hear, from men whose intellectual opportunities should have taught them more temperate habits of speech, judgments upon the entire laboring class which are astonishingly unjust. One who knows the working people of the United States—those of foreign birth as well as those who were born upon our soil—listens with surprise and pain to what is said about them by many who do not know them at all. Certainly they are not all saints or angels; doubtless many of them are not as wise or good as we could wish them to be; but the kind of speech which we are accustomed to hear about them is fearfully unjust. I hear men talk as though there were no fidelity or honor or honesty among American workingmen—as if they were all shirks and malingerers and eye-servants; as though they had no other motive than to get the largest possible stipend for the least possible service. Especially true are these harsh judgments assumed to be of trade-unionists; of them it is not possible for some Christian people to believe anything good.

It is a pity that those who harbor such hard feelings could not get better acquainted with their neighbors. I am sure that they would find among these working people—even among trade-unionists—a goodly number of honest, faithful, fair-minded men and women. It would be a sorry thing for this Nation if the great mass of its citizens were as lacking in the sound elements of character as many of these wholesale judgments assume that they are. For my part, I do not find them so. I believe that, take them all in all, they are as trustworthy and reasonable and honorable and kind-hearted as are the more cultured and prosperous classes. The hope of the Nation lies, I believe, in the essential worthiness of these wage-workers. Something is the matter with the patriotism of the man who maligns them. And the man who can see but little good in them ought not to have any dealings with them. His intercourse with them can bring nothing but harm to him and to them. He is not fit for any responsible place in the kingdom of industry, and will not be until he gets a new heart.

Another subject on which there is need of some revision of judgment is the "walking delegate," or business agent, as he is

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now generally named. The almost universal impression among the employing classes seems to be that these representatives of the unions are, as a rule, depraved persons with criminal antecedents and none but sinister purposes. This judgment is formed, in most cases, on very slight acquaintance. Again I must protest that I have not found this judgment just.

There are historic instances of thoroughly bad men obtaining and holding the leadership of labor unions. But the same thing has been true of churches, and the people sometimes choose bad men to rule our cities and to represent them in Congress. I am not sure that the unions are not as successful in the choice of leaders as are the religious and the political organizations. In the great majority of cases it will be found, I think, that the representatives of the unions are clean, fair-minded, upright men. Nor is it true that most labor disputes are due to their instigation. Employers are apt to charge all disaffection among their employees to the influence of "walking delegates," but this is by no means the rule. The trouble generally begins before any labor leader is called in, and the influence of these leaders in the adjustment of such difficulties is apt to be conservative. The worst strike I have known in Ohio was voted by the men against the strenuous protest of their leader. Only the other day in Chicago the business agent of the garment-makers arranged a settlement with the employers which the union itself violently repudiated, driving their agent from the hall. The habitual refusal of employers to have any dealings with accredited representatives of the unions is not only unjust, it is extremely unwise. Those employers who have received these representatives and have entered into amicable relations with them have generally found them intelligent and reasonable. One employer in Ohio, after spending half a million dollars in fighting against the recognition of the union, changed his mind and entered into a labor agreement with the union through its representatives. After two or three years of this experience he told me that everything was going well at the mine. "In fact," he said, "it is far easier dealing with an intelligent and responsible man than with a mob." If employers generally could get rid of some of their superstitions about "walking delegates" and could meet them man-fashion, they might often find it greatly to their advantage.

The question of the open or closed shop is one around which just now the battle rages. As was said in a previous article, this question is practically eliminated by the determination of the employer to give full recognition to the union and to let it be known that he desires all his workmen to belong to it. Under such conditions it is not probable that enough men would remain outside to cause any trouble. If it is the employer's policy not to fight the union but to establish living and co-operative relations with it, he will have no more use for non-unionists than the union itself has, and it is not likely that non-unionism would thrive in that atmosphere. If the contention of these articles is valid, this is the only attitude toward the union which can be taken by a right-minded employer, and it effectually disposes of the question of the closed shop. If, on the other hand, the employer wishes to maintain an unfriendly attitude toward the union, and to put as many obstacles as he can in the way of the organization of his men, of course he will stand for the open shop and use his influence to keep the non-union contingent as large as possible, that he may have a strong force at hand to fight the union when a strike occurs. This creates a situation which is nearly impossible, and justifies the men in demanding a closed shop.

I see no reason why the kind of agreement entered into last September between the Manufacturers' Association of New York and the Garment Workers' Unions of that city might not be widely adopted. After definitely fixing the hours of work and the rates of compensation in all the shops concerned, this agreement follows:

> Each member of the Manufacturers [Association] is to maintain a union shop; a "union shop" being understood to refer to a shop where union standards as to working conditions, hours of labor, and rates of wages as herein provided prevail, and where, when hiring help, union men are preferred; it being recognized that, since there are differences in degrees of skill among those employed in the trade, employers shall have freedom of selection as between one union

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man and another, and shall not be confined to any list, nor bound to follow any prescribed agreement whatever. It is further understood that all existing agreements and obligations of the employer, including those to present employees, shall be respected; *the Manufacturers, however, declare their belief in the union, and that all who desire its benefits should share in its burdens.*

This seems a most liberal and reasonable contract, fair and honorable alike to employers and employed. What the employers say, in the phrases italicized above, is a notable confession of faith and a cogent statement of industrial morals. When all employers are ready to put their hands to such a declaration, the labor question will be well advanced toward a solution.

If what these employers say is true, it must be admitted that the non-unionist is not left in an exalted position. There has been a tendency in certain quarters to make him a hero, but, if the reasoning of these articles is sound, this is rather more than is due him. He is one who insists on enjoying the benefits of labor organization without sharing its burdens. That is something less than heroic.

My own mind is clear upon the proposition that if I were a wage-worker in any trade I should feel under obligation to join the trade union. It is so entirely plain to me that the freedom of the working class can be maintained in these days only by firm organization that I could not get the consent of my conscience to stay outside the union. And I am equally sure that I could not feel any very enthusiastic admiration for men of my own trade who refused to join the union and did what they could to defeat its purposes. I trust that I should be able to refrain from applying to them opprobrious epithets and from assailing them with brickbats, but I should not be able to hold them in high honor.

One of the strongest of recent writers on political science, Mr. Herbert Croly, bears this testimony:

> The labor unions deserve to be favored because they are the most effective machinery which has as yet been forged for the economic and social amelioration of the laboring class. They have helped to raise the standard of living, to mitigate the rigors of competition among individual laborers, and in this way to secure for labor a larger share of the industrial product. A democratic government has little or less reason to interfere on behalf of the non-union laborer than it has to interfere on behalf of the small producer. As a type the non-union laborer is a species of industrial derelict. He is the laborer who has gone astray, and who, either from apathy, unintelligence, incompetence, or some immediately pressing need, prefers his own individual interest to the joint interests of himself and his fellow-laborers. . . . From any comprehensive point of view, union, and not non-union, labor represents the independence of the laborer, because, under existing circumstances, such independence must be brought by association.[1]

The joint agreement between the Garment Workers and their employers, from which I have already quoted, contains also a definite provision for the arbitration of all differences arising between the two parties, who bind themselves to abide by the decision of the arbitrators; also stipulating that if any dispute shall arise, "the parties to this protocol agree that there shall be no strike or lockout concerning such matters in controversy until full opportunity shall have been given for the submission of such matters to said Board of Arbitration, and, in the event of a determination of such controversies by said Board of Arbitration, only in the event of a failure to accede to the determination of said Board." All disputes to be arbitrated and a Board of Arbitration appointed; no strikes or lockouts until the decision has been rendered, and only then in case one of the parties breaks its contract and refuses to abide by the decision.

Is not such a provision for the peaceful settlement of disputes possible in any industry? Is any man's dignity or honor compromised by entering into such a compact? Would it not save both for capital and for labor millions of dollars every year, and put an end to the industrial warfare which embitters our lives and threatens our liberties?

The civilized world is rapidly coming to the conviction that all international disputes may, and must, be settled by arbitration. In view of that fact, it seems absurd to contend that there are any industrial disputes which cannot be settled in the same way. The demand is loud from a long-suffering community that industrial war shall cease. The day is near when the combatant in this arena who has

[1] "The Promise of American Life," pp. 387, 388.

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"nothing to arbitrate" will be recognized as an enemy of society.

Especially true is this of labor disputes in public service companies. It is about time that the managers of such companies were made to understand that the people do not put franchises into their hands to be used as weapons of war. In all these industries in which the State or the city is a partner the State or the city is bound to keep the peace. No franchise ought to be granted to a public service company which does not contain explicit and stringent provisions requiring the submission to arbitration of all disputes arising between the managers and the men. It ought to be made a misdemeanor for the men to strike until the question has been fully arbitrated; and the refusal of the company to arbitrate or to abide by the decision of the arbitrators ought to result in the forfeiture of its charter.

This raises the serious question as to the regulation by the State or the Nation of industrial organizations. We are undertaking, in some rather drastic ways, to regulate corporations; there seems to be equal reason why we should take trade unions in hand, and, while giving them explicit recognition, establish certain definite principles to which, in their organization and operation, they must conform. It seems inconceivable that an interest so vast as this, affecting the public welfare in so many ways, should be allowed to shape its own policies and choose its own ends with no efficient direction by the commonwealth. I am not clear about the incorporation of the unions, but I am sure that the Nation must find some way of defining their powers and privileges, and giving them a rightful and honorable place in the National life. Precisely how this is to be done I will not undertake, at the end of this article, to point out. I am only sure that our lawmakers have some very important constructive work to do in the organization of our industries, and that they cannot get about it too soon.[1]

THE BREAKING UP OF THE RUSSIAN COMMUNES

BY GEORGE KENNAN

ON the 3d of March, 1911—the fiftieth anniversary of the emancipation of the serfs—the Czar issued a rescript in which he announced his intention to supplement and complete the work of his grandfather, Alexander II, by making it possible for the emancipated peasants to abandon their communal organization, acquire title in fee simple to their communal allotments, and become "free and independent farmers," owning their land in severalty instead of merely occupying it as tenants at will of their communes. From the wording of the rescript one might suppose the reform therein announced to be a thing of the future; but, as a matter of fact, the breaking up of the communal system of land tenure in Russia began more than four years ago. Shortly after the dissolution of the first Duma, and before the election of the second, the Czar, acting independently of Parliament, promulgated, in the form of an imperial ukase, a law, since known as the Agrarian Settlement Act, which compelled a certain class of the communal peasants to dissolve their communal organization, and which allowed and encouraged members of all the other classes to leave their communes, take title in fee simple to their communal allotments (or other communal lands equal to such allotments in area), and thus establish themselves as small landed proprietors on separate farms of their own. Local commissions were appointed to supervise the changing of communal ownership to individual ownership in all the *uyezds*, or

[1] See "The Promise of American Life," by Herbert Croly, Chapter XII.

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districts, where the land was held in common; thousands of surveyors were engaged to plot and measure the farms of peasants who desired to sever connection with their communes; and before the 1st of March, 1907, everything was in readiness for one of the greatest social and economic experiments that Russia has ever tried.

At the time when this reform was projected, ten million heads of peasant families in Russia, representing a total population of perhaps sixty or seventy millions, were socially and economically organized in village communes. These communes owned in the aggregate about two hundred and seventy million acres of land, which they distributed among the families of their members in lots, or parcels, bearing a definite relation to such families' size, needs, and working capacity. As the families increased or decreased through the operation of natural causes, corresponding changes were made in the size of their respective allotments by means of periodical redistributions, which took place at intervals of from five to twenty-four years. This system of land tenure had in Russia, as it has had in other parts of the world, many economically disadvantageous features. In the first place, considerations of equity required that every peasant family should take its proportionate share of all the different kinds of land, good, bad, and indifferent, that the commune owned. This necessitated the division of every family allotment into a large number of strips or parcels, which were often separated one from another by miles of distance. In the second place, the periodical redistribution of the land among the families of the communes discouraged fertilization and permanent improvement of it, and prevented the erection of barns and other farm buildings where they were most needed. A peasant had no inducement to improve permanently the quality of the land that he cultivated, because, at the next redistribution, it might be taken away from him and given to somebody else. He could not profitably erect barns or storehouses on his scattered lots, partly because they were so far apart, and partly because he had no certain tenure of the land on which the buildings would stand, and might therefore have to move them to other plots. In the third place, the segregation of the communal population in villages increased intemperance by making it easy for the agricultural peasants to get together in the evening and drink *vodka* while they discussed their local affairs.

On the other hand, communal organization had certain economic and political advantages which largely counterbalanced its admitted evils. By guaranteeing to every head of a family an allotment of land that corresponded more or less closely with the family's needs and working strength, it prevented, in part, the formation of an agricultural proletariat, and, by making it possible for the peasants to act together in legally sanctioned groups, it facilitated defense of their class interests as against the interests of the great landed proprietors, and enabled them to offer more effective resistance to local bureaucratic aggression than they could possibly offer as separate, non-associated individuals.

When, in November, 1906, the law was promulgated, public opinion with regard to it was divided. All of the reactionists and sworn supporters of the Ministry, as well as a majority of the great landed proprietors, favored it, while all of the Constitutional and Social Democrats, most of the liberals in other parties, and a large number of Conservatives were hostile to it. In the ranks of the Opposition were many men, like Count Witte, who would have been glad to see the communal peasants established on farms of their own, but who did not approve of the way in which the law was being executed, nor of its application indiscriminately to all parts of the Empire. Many opponents of the measure, moreover, regarded it as an attempt to weaken the communal peasants by creating dissensions among them and scattering them, and accused the Government of an intention to undermine the economic and political power of the common people by breaking up their communal organizations, depriving them of communal self-government, and leaving them without any means of taking collective action for the defense or promotion of their local interests.

Under the Russian Constitution, "emer-

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gency" laws, enacted by the Czar independently when Parliament is not in session, must be submitted to the representatives of the people as soon as they reassemble; and in accordance with this requirement the Agrarian Settlement Act was laid before the second Duma and the Council of the Empire in the early part of 1907. Before either house, however, could possibly consider or act upon it, it was in full operation, and tens of thousands of peasants had availed themselves of its provisions by leaving their communes and acquiring individual ownership of their communal allotments. In these circumstances Parliament had either to adopt the law or invalidate the titles of the private farm-owners—and throw all the relations of communal peasants and ex-communal peasants into confusion. In spite, however, of the virtual compulsion to which they were thus subjected, the representatives of the people withheld their approval of the reform, and the law did not finally pass the Council of the Empire until June, 1910, when it had been in operation three years and a half, and had changed the social and economic status of nearly five million people. Even then, and with all the Ministers voting for it, it had a majority in the upper house of only two. There can be no doubt that the Czar acted shrewdly, if not fairly, in promulgating this law as an "emergency" measure, and getting it into full operation before the representatives of the people had a chance to consider and discuss it. If the reform embodied in it had been laid before Parliament as a project instead of a *fait accompli*, it would almost certainly have been defeated. It went through only because the Council of the Empire felt reluctant to upset social and economic readjustments that had already changed the status and environment of nearly a million peasant families.

The Agrarian Settlement Act has now been in operation more than four years, and, while it is too early as yet to predict with confidence the final outcome of the experiment, time enough has elapsed to warrant the drawing of certain tentative conclusions with regard to the working of the law and its immediate results. It has become apparent, in the first place, that the communal peasants generally are in no great haste to give up institutions and methods with which they have long been familiar, and adopt others of which they have had no practical experience. The Government has offered them every possible inducement to accept land in severalty, and in many cases has brought administrative pressure to bear upon them in order to force them out of their communes, but, in spite of all its efforts, it has succeeded in settling upon private farms only a small part of the communal population. The latest reports of the land commissions show the following results:

Number of communal heads of families (approximately)	10,000,000
Number settled on private farms	1,372,734
Percentage	13.7
Area of land owned by communes	270,000,000 acres
Area turned into private farms	27,000,000 acres
Percentage	10

It thus appears that, in a little more than four years, the communes have lost only 13.7 per cent of their members and 10 per cent of their lands.

In the second place, it has become evident that some of the evil results anticipated by the opponents of the reform have already begun to manifest themselves. The Constitutional Democrats predicted that a large number of the weaker and less provident peasants, tempted by the possibility of obtaining ready money, would acquire ownership of private farms merely for the purpose of selling them. This prediction seems to be in process of fulfillment. The reports of the agricultural commissions show that 129,000 heads of ex-communal families, representing a population of about 775,000, have already sold their farms and become practically landless. Some of them have emigrated to Siberia, and have probably established themselves satisfactorily there; but a majority of them, after wasting their money or spending it for *vodka*, have entered the service of the landed proprietors or joined the ranks of the unemployed. In either case, they have lost their attachment to the soil.

The Constitutional and Social Democrats also predicted that the breaking up of the communes would cause dissensions

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and quarrels among the peasants, and would divide them into hostile camps of united tenants and seceders. This prediction, too, has been measurably fulfilled. The agricultural commissions have found it almost impossible to carve farms out of the communal lands in such a way as to satisfy both the prospective farm-owners and the remaining communal tenants. The former complain that the commissions often assign to them farms which are made up of widely separated or inconveniently located tracts, while the latter assert that, in order to encourage withdrawals from the communes, the commissions frequently give to the seceders the best of the communal holdings. The communal tenants, moreover, who are always in the majority, resent the action of the seceders in applying for individual farms, and often resist forcibly the partition and parceling out of the communal property. Such was the case, for example, in the Lebediansky district of the province of Tambof, where the resistance was of such a violent character as to necessitate the calling out of troops, and where the delimitation of private farms was made only after twenty-one of the protesting peasants had been killed or wounded.[1] The feelings of animosity thus engendered have not only inspired frequent acts of violence, followed by criminal reprisals, but have so broken up the solidarity of the peasant population as to make united action, for any purpose, more difficult than ever.

Whether the peasants who have left their communes and established themselves on private farms have improved their condition or not it is impossible as yet to say. The evidence bearing upon the question is fragmentary, and the opinions of those who profess to know are either biased by political considerations or based on insufficient data. Premier Stolypin, who has personally visited a large number of the newly created farms, says that the reform is working satisfactorily in every respect, and that in less than twenty years communal land tenure in Russia will be a thing of the past. At the same time he urges the *zemstvos* (district and provincial assemblies) to give every possible assistance to the private farmers, even at the expense of the communes, and thus virtually admits that the nominally independent peasant proprietors are unable, as yet, to stand alone. One obvious reason for the economic weakness that makes it difficult for them to stand alone is the failure of the Agricultural Settlement Act to increase the area of their holdings. A peasant who has difficulty in supporting his family and feeding his cattle on, say, five acres of communal land, does not find it any easier to make ends meet on five acres of his own land. On the contrary, he finds it harder to do so, because, as a private farmer, he has lost certain common pasturage rights which, as a member of the commune, he enjoyed. The lack of sufficient land was the privation from which he suffered most while he was a communal tenant, and it is the thing from which he continues to suffer now that he has become an independent freeholder. In other words, the Agrarian Settlement Act has not removed the principal cause of peasant impoverishment.

When the serfs were emancipated, in 1861, every head of a peasant family received a *nadiel*, or land allotment, which was supposed to be adequate for the family's support. Since that time, however, the population of European Russia has doubled, while the land allotments have remained the same, so that two or more families now have to gain a living on a plot that originally was barely adequate for the support of one. In 1860 the average area of a family allotment was thirteen acres. It is now less than seven acres, and there has been no improvement in the soil or in the method of cultivation that is at all commensurate with the reduction in area. In view of these facts, it seems very doubtful whether the mere substitution of private ownership for communal ownership will greatly improve the economic condition of the agricultural population. In the provinces where the agrarian experiment has been most thoroughly tried out, the reform seems to have worked badly. In the province of Kiev, for example, where seventy-four per cent of the communal peasants have gone on private farms, the *zemstvo* board (*uprava*) has reported to the Agronomic Council as follows:

"A majority of the private farmers at

[1] The "Reitch," of St. Petersburg, June 22, 1910.

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the present time are in a helpless condition, and many of them are on the verge of economic ruin. If prompt and energetic measures are not taken to assist them, a very considerable part of them will become insolvent, and their farms will be sold under the hammer." [1]

This state of affairs is not wholly due, of course, to the breaking up of the communes. In Kiev, as in many other parts of the "black-earth zone," the economic condition of the peasants has been bad for many years, and the disruption of their communal organization has merely intensified their distress.

What the peasants of Russia need most is not private ownership of land—or, at least, not that primarily—but more land, better education, lighter taxation, abolition of the hampering passport system, impartial and competent local courts, adequate local banking facilities and credit, better agricultural implements, and last, but by no means least, freedom from a despotic and all-embracing bureaucratic guardianship which discourages enterprise, paralyzes individual initiative, and frustrates every attempt that a man makes to improve his own condition by his own untrammeled efforts. If the Czar would bring about some of these reforms, he would do more to supplement and complete the work of his grandfather than he ever can by disrupting the village communes and placing the emancipated peasants on private farms, with undeveloped brains, inadequate credit, archaic agricultural implements, and tied hands.

REVIEWERS REVIEWED

THREE volumes by American authors exhibit a galaxy of literary stars differing in glory from the first to the ninth magnitude.

Professor George Santayana, of Harvard, puts before us, under the title "Three Philosophical Poets" (Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts) the resplendent names of Lucretius, Dante, and Goethe, the union of whose several insights and gifts "would constitute a truly philosophical or comprehensive poet." A few captivating pages introduce us to a critique of each in turn, the views of the world and of life found in the naturalism of Lucretius, the supernaturalism of Dante, the romanticism of Goethe. More than this, their points of identity as well as of difference are noted—*e. g.*, in Goethe's "Faust" "the Lucretian Venus has her innings as well as the Lucretian Mars," who rule the universe linked in each other's arms.

Six lectures given last year at Columbia University and the University of Wisconsin mainly compose this fascinating volume. As in all of Professor Santayana's writings, fresh and stimulating thought, keen and brilliant, is put in an elegant literary form, and is here modestly presented as merely "the impressions of an amateur." It will be difficult for many not to take this profession seriously at its face value. It is easier to do so than to believe that when Plato and Aristotle, after Socrates as their pathbreaker, undertook a moral interpretation of nature "they launched into the world a new mythology taking the place of the Homeric." There is indeed a crass supernaturalism—Dante's, for instance—conceived as intruding into nature from outside, and it vitiates much of religious thought to-day. The supernaturalism which conceives of an Intelligent Will as giving birth to nature, and as the vital heart and mind within its mechanism, is not transcended by "the insight of this age." Professor Santayana reduces the supernatural to a mere "idea," "a part of the natural;" but confesses that "moral unity has been best attained in this world" by regarding the supernatural as the key to nature and to happiness. Only on the ground he takes, that "egotism is the distinctive attitude of modern philosophy and of romantic sentiment," can we rationally account for his teaching that idealism is a failure from Plato to Kant, only a small and dependent

[1] The "Reitch," of St. Petersburg, October 15, 1910.

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part even in the life of man, and impossible as a view of the central and universal power in the world.

These lectures have a distinct and uncommon value as an analysis of three great poems and an appreciation of the genius and art of their authors. On the other hand, the views of nature and the philosophy which crop out in this volume, admitting no divine providence, no God, no life for man but in this world, occasion serious apprehension of their pernicious practical tendency. These views are, in fact, avowed by an increasing number of anarchic lives and of suicides. That, under color of the freedom of learning, philosophy of this sort is officially taught in a university founded, as its ancient seal still testifies, "for Christ and the Church," is one of the perplexing phenomena of a time that in various ways is out of joint.

Mr. Archibald Henderson turns our attention to novelists and dramatists, selecting for his study Meredith, Oscar Wilde, Maeterlinck, Ibsen, and Bernard Shaw. The presentation of such a list as "Interpreters of Life and the Modern Spirit" (M. Kennerley, New York) provokes the comment that every man is an interpreter of life from his own point of view. One may question also if the spirit manifested in these selected instances is, except so far as intent on a psychological interest, distinctively modern. It can be heard resonant in ancient Athens and Rome, the same individualism which Mr. Henderson hears as "the most resonant note in modern thought." But let that pass. These essays are, in a purely literary point of view, good specimens of generally judicious criticism, workmanlike in analysis, generous in appreciation, polished in style, though sometimes falling short of the simplicity of spontaneous elegance. "Trial balloons," for instance, would not have been so needlessly farfetched a term as *ballons d'essai*, and such a phrase as "orchidaceous modernity" ignores the primary demand for clearness. Mr. Henderson brings in his interpreters of life to speak for themselves. Large space is given to a specializing review of the masterpieces and the minor works that express their spirit and purpose. His criticism of these sometimes cleaves the center, *e.g.*, "One often feels that, instead of opening a window into the soul, Meredith has merely opened a casement of his own brain." Again it wabbles, as in thinking Meredith "ahead of his age," with a strengthening "claim upon posterity," although finding that his "memorable characters . . . have no concern for humanity at large or for the wider destiny of things."

To Ibsen, as the chief in Mr. Henderson's pentarchy, fully one-third of the volume is devoted, with a separate and illuminating essay on the genesis of his dramas. Though honored here as "the greatest Teutonic dramatist since Shakespeare, and the greatest of any race or clime of our modern era," Ibsen was content to interpret life merely as it was. To his strident and mordant exposure of its shams and stagnation he added no portrayal of life as it should be, saying, "My vocation is to question, not to answer." *Wanted, an ideal*, is, in effect, the colophon of all his work. Ideals of varying worth and unworth are not wanting in this, on the whole, inharmonious quintet. But for any sound and satisfying philosophy of life one must look to other interpreters.

The seventh volume of Mr. Paul Elmer More's "Shelburne Essays" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) includes with poets, famous and obscure, themes so distantly or closely related to them as the socialism of Mr. G. Lewes Dickinson and Professor James's pragmatism, literary criticism and the Victorian literature. The unity of the collection is that of a critique of the modern spirit in this variety of phase. These essays exhibit the qualities which Mr. More's readers have recognized and valued. Their admirable workmanship is that of a disciplined and conscientious critic thoroughly at home in the world of letters ancient and modern. That he is not equally at home in all subjects on which he pronounces appears in his astounding report that "the so-called 'new theology' of Protestantism, . . . virtually dispensing with the relation of mankind to an immutable deity, discovers all of religion that is necessary in the varying sympathy of man with his fellow-man unregulated by any divine command or revelation."

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Dissenters from such criticism as "the nerveless elegiacs of 'In Memoriam'" may reasonably attribute it to a temperamental limitation. To one who sees such a fact as this, that the world-wide Christian missions of the nineteenth century are only the latest wave of St. Paul's influence, a more serious limitation is apparent in the judgment earlier expressed by Signor Ferrero: "I question whether Cicero [as in his ethical treatise "De Finibus"], while he certainly represents what is more enduring, has not been also, actually and personally, as dynamic an influence in civilization as St. Paul, though the noise, no doubt, and the tumult have been around the latter."

"Tennyson is the Victorian age" crisply characterizes him with perfect truth as the fullest impersonation of the spirit of that age. But is it not misleading to characterize as "the Victorian compromise" Tennyson's "reconciliation of faith and science" through faith's intuition of a Father's spirit within the iron wheels of nature? Compromise always implies a mutual surrender; but that faith surmounts rather than surrenders. To speak of Tennyson as "the official poet" of this alleged compromise, delivering an "official message," carries, however unintentionally, a suggestion of insincerity that provokes just resentment.

"The old order changeth" is the note that unifies these essays, as those of Mr. Henderson. In divers tones all their characters are "singers of the flux" in a revolutionary age, worshipers of "the idol Mutability." Justly does Mr. More conclude that in the swirling flood "the only salvation is in the recognition of some superior guiding and dividing law of just rule and right subordination, that is, of something permanent within the flux." But neither he nor the other subjects of this review supply the required insight, that this desideratum is not to be looked for in the colliding wills or judgments of men any more than in the colliding atoms of the Lucretian world, but in that divine control invoked by Tennyson:

"O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow through our deeds and make them pure."

THE NEW BOOKS

Bernard Shaw's new book might well have been called "Prefaces and Plays," with the emphasis on "Prefaces," for these take considerably more room than the plays. Mr. Shaw makes one of his characters somewhere say, "My way of joking is to tell the truth," and he himself has declared, "When a habit of thought is silly, it only needs steady treatment by ridicule from sensible and witty people to be put out of countenance and perish." This is undoubtedly his underlying purpose, and because he seriously believes that the present social structure is all wrong, he delights to pour ridicule broadcast and hit a head wherever he sees it, without much regard to consistent reasoning. But at heart he is a preacher; hence his prefaces. Unfortunately for the spread of his doctrines, the prefaces do not make themselves read, while the plays do. The first two plays in the present book are immensely good reading; the third ("The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet"), which was denied stage rights by the English censor, is grim and forbidding, and certainly does in expression shock the reverent mind, although the censor's charge of immorality and blasphemy totally misses the author's real purpose. "The Doctor's Dilemma" and "Getting Married" are clever and witty and suggest social problems upon which Mr. Shaw's prefaces dilate volubly, savagely, sometimes brilliantly, but never convincingly. (Brentano's, New York. $1.50.)

Mrs. Roger A. Pryor has made a number of free-hand drawings of the antebellum Virginia life, remembered through a long period of years, and with deep feeling—the quality of memory which uses the process of selection almost without consciousness. In other words, Mrs. Pryor writes of the old-time Southern life in the romantic spirit, but with essential fidelity to the fact, generously interpreted. To her account of "The Mother of Washington and Her Times" and her "Reminiscences of Peace and War" she has now added a novel, "The Colonel's Story," which is a dramatization of her memories and experience, and an interpretation of old-time Virginia life, which created a class of men and women of leisure and ample means, greatly given to hospitality, and of a certain dignity and charm of life; a kind of sublimated English country life of the eighteenth century. This story is essentially the draw-

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